TEN CENTS A COPY

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME II — NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1926 — NUMBER 32

Dirt

SINS have their ups and downs, like the cost of living. Each generation has its pet aversion and saves for that the word immorality. Immorality in the eighteenth century was irreligion, about 1800 in New England it was democracy which was supposed to carry atheism with it, all through the later nineteenth century it meant sexual irregularity, now it is often reserved for drunkenness. And while one sin gets all the publicity, the others flourish in the shade. While English literature was playing up the calamities that result from illicit love, alcoholism was tightening its grip upon Europe and a greedy materialism was building the foundations of the temple of war. The sin which wrecked Tennyson's ideal kingdom was adultery, and statesmen could commit any crime but the theft of other men's wives.

And now, when the one issue upon which it is possible to stir up moral excitement is prohibition, a vast change has come over our attitude toward sexual aberrations, with little attention except from fanatics who rage whenever a spade is called a spade.

To get rid of the inhibitions of the Victorian period where the writer was not allowed so much as to mention things that everyone knew, is a great gain for honest readers and an immeasurable relief for honest authors. But this by no means tells the whole story. In poetry, in the novel, on the stage most of all, the suggestive situation, the risqué line, cynical laughter at restraint, leering praise of the grosser instincts, have an astonishing place in popular favor. They get the laugh, they sell books, plays built upon them succeed, novels compounded of them are sure of discussion. A hardened writer for the public can scarcely hesitate as to what to put in his story if he seeks easy success.

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Every newsstand is dripping with magazines the entire purpose of which is to suggest, to arouse, to gratify eroticism under the thinnest veil of a language from which certain words are excluded (by legal advice) and by plots which always turn aside before the obvious conclusion. The joint circulation of such magazines is sufficient to put a copy into the hands of one out of every five or ten readers in the United States, yet the sour guardians of the public morals, who spring upon every serious attempt to show life as it is, ignore the million circulation and attack only the poor intellectual's play or the literary efforts of an erotic who is nevertheless a genius.

The age by comparison with earlier generations is sex mad (without being necessarily more licentious in deed); a fact at least as worthy of consideration as alcohol percentages or a belief or disbelief in evolution.

This is no argument for censorship. Censorship which goes beyond a law forbidding pornography has always been administered with stupidity and injustice. The suggestive scene will be passed, the honest one censored; poison for the millions will go unnoticed, while art that widens its scope to make passion beautiful or sex tragic will be punished because it is art and makes a ringing example.

This is no argument for indiscriminate suppression. These broad swinging movements of the instinct are seasonal and periodic; they come inevitably and they cure inevitably as the race finds its balance. Not all the puritans of all the ages could check the morbid interest in sex which just now absorbs us, for in part it is a war neurosis, in part it is relief from undue suppressions, in part it is a response to an obscure psychologic change which has shaken youth free from age and negated the sanctions of tradition and experience, in part it is the result of the decay of formal religion and its controls.

Two forces are in conflict and the clear ground between the [illegible] is not yet broad enough to stand on, a situation which American fiction beautifully illustrates. On one side is the old saccharine sentimen-

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"So This Was All"

By SARA TEASDALE

SO this was all there was to the great play
She came so far to act in, this was all—
Except the short last act, and the slow fall
Of the final curtain, that might catch half-way
As final curtains do, and leave the grey
Lorn end of things too long exposed. The hall
Clapped faintly, and she took her curtain call
Knowing how little she had left to say.
And in the pause before the last act started,
Slowly unpinning the roses she had worn,
She reconsidered lines that had been said,
And found them hardly worthy the high-hearted
Ardor that she had brought, nor the bright, torn
Roses that shattered round her, dripping red.

This Week

Three Books on Jefferson. Reviewed by *Albert J. Nock.*

Edgar Allan Poe Letters. Reviewed by *Norman Foerster.*

"The Chinese Theatre," Reviewed by *Glenn Hughes.*

"Microbe Hunters." Reviewed by *Hans Zinsser.*

"Pig Iron." Reviewed by *Joseph Wood Krutch.*

"The Black Flemings." A Review.

"Lady Mary Wortley Montagu." Reviewed by *Wilmarth Lewis.*

"The Diary of a Young Lady of Fashion." Reviewed by *Edward Davison.*

The Bowling Green. By *Christopher Morley.*

Next Week, or Later

Conrad's Skill as an Artist. By *Mrs. Conrad.*

Sir Harry Johnston's "Relations." Reviewed by *Stanley Went.*

D. H. Lawrence. By *Richard Aldington.*

English Criticism

By FRANK SWINNERTON

"I SEE be th' pa-apers," as Mr. Dooley used to say, that a body of persons known as "English critics" is said to be supercilious in its attitude to American literature. As I am not prepared to admit that there are any English critics, and as I have never noticed that superciliousness was an attribute of the generality of English people, I am driven to believe that "th' pa-apers" are misinformed. Criticism is not cultivated as an art in England, for the reason that nobody wishes to read criticism. Accordingly, critics die young; or they become reviewers, and perish miserably by rapid enfeeblement of all faculties. And if they become reviewers they have no time to criticize. The reviewer in all countries known to me is too busy writing about books to read them attentively; and it is my firm belief that unless one has read a book attentively one cannot offer any observations upon it which can be described truthfully as criticism. Nevertheless, when "th' pa-apers" speak of "English critics" they probably mean "English reviewers."

Now reviewing in England resembles reviewing in America in this respect—that one cannot lump it all together and say in a single word that it is definitely one thing or another. Certainly the prevailing note of English reviewing, by and large, is not its superciliousness. On the contrary. While it may be less generous than American reviewing, which, if it praises, praises very highly indeed, English reviewing upon the whole is marked by a very fair degree of honesty and respect for sincere writing. It is even much too lenient towards mediocre work in conventional styles; and it is sparing of praise for work of a rather higher order; but practically no book published in England goes without some praise from some quarter. (For proof, see any publisher's advertisements.) It is a pretty general rule that English reviewers are genial to hopeless work. They are merciful to the unknown and to the commercially unsuccessful. They do not condemn unless they are sure that the author can afford to receive condemnation. Upon the successful they feel free to open all their batteries. I can recall an occasion upon which an American woman referred to me in conversation as a "rising young novelist!" I impudently corrected her: "Oh, risen, risen." "No," said a cynic in the company, who had suffered, "you're still praised in the press. You can't be regarded as 'risen' until you've been slated by every paper in England."

* * *

Unfortunately if an Englishman sees an adverse review of an English book in an American paper (say a characteristic exhibition by Mr. H. L. Mencken), or if an American sees an adverse review of an American book in an English paper, there may arise a suspicion that national prejudice has entered unfavorably into the estimate. This suspicion seems to me to be groundless. I think all reviewers should guard against such misconstruction; but as a reviewer of nearly twenty years' experience I fancy that candor is the best policy and is never lastingly resented. I regard myself as a typical Englishman (being partly Scots), and I am neither supercilious (I appeal to Americans in confirmation) nor—as a novelist—hypersensitive in the matter of criticism. I may therefore perhaps be allowed to say that I think a few American writers are much more suspicious of English reviewers than they need be. The English reviewer is not taken too seriously at home. Why should he be taken too

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seriously elsewhere? Why should it be assumed, as I find it is often assumed in America, that the Englishman, like Pooh Bah, is "born sneering"? As an instance of this suspiciousness, let me recall that when I was in America two years ago a young interviewer in a Southern State opened fire with the question, "What do you consider the chief faults of the American novelists?" Rather taken aback, I said, "It isn't faults so much as qualities that impress me." His unanswerable reply was, "Ah, that's English evasiveness."

But it is time to discriminate between the different sorts of reviewer. I have already said that there are no critics in England. There are no critical writers, that is, who are so clearly above party and above prejudice as to command general respect. An anonymous front-page article in *The Times Literary Supplement* (and these articles vary greatly in quality, and no doubt in influence) will do more to draw attention to any book than any other printed commendation known to me; and this perhaps illustrates rather the prestige of the paper and the mysterious power of anonymity than the authoritativeness of the critic. Indeed, there is no scope in England for critics, who would find it difficult to obtain publicity for their views. But for reviewers there is still plenty of scope, especially for those who have the news sense and who will give to their reviews the appearance of topicality.

* * *

The worst of all reviewers are the amateurs. It is so in all countries. These are very often elderly clergymen or elderly ladies who write incessantly to publishers for copies of new books, and who succeed in decorating some odd corner of a wretched village sheet with a poorly-written, foolish, ill-set laudation of every book that comes by fatal chance into their clutches. They are the Cassios of the reviewing trade, who exclaim, "Why, this is a more excellent song than the other!" about each book they read. Banal the reviews written by such men and women may be; but to suppose them for a single instant to be supercilious would be absurd. They are pathetic.

The best of all reviewers are the men and women (one knows them as a rule only by their initials) to whom taste is the guiding principle. They are not strictly professional reviewers (those who review books by the bundle), and they are not people with an elaborate apparatus of æsthetic standards. They are not bent upon display, nor upon telling the whole truth. They have no concern with—and even, it sometimes appears, no awareness of—the literary fashion of the day. If a book seems to them to be good or bad in its own sort, whatever that sort may be, they praise it or blame it accordingly. They read a book—every book—sympathetically, upon its own merits, pass judgment with hesitation and discretion, and remain obscure. If I were a literary editor I would hunt out these reviewers, and make them the nucleus of a really disinterested band. The reviews they write may often be mild, or wrong; but they are sincere, and they show taste. All those who have seen many reviews (and I have spent two-thirds of my life in publishers' offices) realize how little taste there is in the average review, and how important a matter taste is in the judgment of works of art or imagination. There are a few only moderately successful creative writers, also, who criticize with understanding. Their comparative non-success in the popular market has been due, not to lack of talent, but to preoccupation with themes or temperatmental vagaries which interest only the refined few. This bent, in itself, makes such authors men of sympathy and men of taste. It prevents them from feeling envy (since their love is for truth and beauty and not for lucre); it keeps fresh their fine faculty of expectation. I cannot say that these writers have authority, because their work is inconspicuous. But they have understanding; and this is a quality which many reviewers lack, as they lack taste, because the ordinary reviewer is handicapped by one terrible penalty of his calling. He reads books for the purpose of passing judgment upon them, and not for pleasure's sake or for the purpose of acquiring knowledge from them. If he begins with taste, his taste is quickly lost in indigestion.

I have indicated the type of reviewer that I consider the best. I must return to the types which I think inferior. Less pathetic than the amateurs, but equally banal, are those who contribute "day of publication" notices to a few of the more remote provincial dailies. Some publishers used to be glad of very early enthusiastic reviews which they could quote in their advertisements; and although few publishers now count upon these rather blown-upon early notices the supply continues indefatigably. Such reviews exist only for purposes of quotation. They have no other value. They are glib, inaccurate, and ridiculous. Everything they describe is fascinating from cover to cover; everything furnishes forth an entrancing entertainment; everything is filled full and brimming over with all the splendors that only *cliché* can express. There is no superciliousness here. There is mechanical enthusiasm, which defeats its own object, because

> When everybody's somebody
> Then no one's anybody.

* * *

We come now to the legitimate professional provincial reviewers. These may be divided into the young and the middle-aged. The young are severe; the middle-aged are kind. The young are severe because it is the nature of the young to be severe. They are graduates from provincial universities, or they are enthusiasts for good literature whose palate is still immature and whose egotism is unbroken. They mingle unexpected enthusiasms with fierce contempts (and the change from the former to the latter is a matter of weeks only). But they are not supercilious. No warrior has time to be supercilious; and the younger among them are all warriors. The older reviewers are not warriors. They are chary of giving blame. If they cannot praise they are apt to shirk all comment. As they grow older a sense appears to come to them that newer generations, newer tastes, have left their own preferences behind. They praise or condemn gently. Their attitude is: "What right have I to call this book rubbish? Or to call it unwholesome? The fault may be mine. The book may be the work of a coming genius. It may be the work of one struggling with poverty." But they are not supercilious. Believe me, no reviewer who has lost confidence in his power to appraise at a glance is likely to be supercilious.

Finally there are the reviewers for the London papers, who may again be sub-divided into several groups. The reviews in the London papers are generally better written than those which appear in the provincial press (of course, with such notable exceptions as those written for *The Manchester Guardian*, *The Birmingham Post*, and one or two more). These are written by young or slightly older men and women of some education and occasionally of some wit. Some of the writers are intellectuals (that is, men and women whose intensive education has narrowed their sympathies and aroused a perverted aristocratic sense). Some of them are rather broader in sympathy, but still a little elated by a consciousness of educational superiority to their fellows (e. g., the comment made to me recently in good faith by a young man upon a bad book which we both condemned, "One feels that he hasn't had a classical education. . . ."). I must suppose that it is against the writers of such reviews that the American charge of superciliousness (particularly towards American books) is brought; and I hope to show that the charge is a false one.

* * *

The defects of English newspaper criticism as it is written in London at the present time are lack of taste, over-confidence, and the evil, but limited, power of the clique. These defects are due to the fact that in England literature is not—commercially—a very profitable affair. Young men with real critical acumen cannot give themselves up to the critical profession, because they cannot afford to do so. Therefore the reviewing of books falls much into the hands of civil servants with leisure and an inclination for literature, into the hands of those who have independent means, into the hands of feverish hacks, and into the hands of those who form literary caucuses.

It is extremely difficult for a young writer who is not a popular novelist to make a living by means of journalism; and as there are numerous writers whose talent lies elsewhere than in the telling of tales, it is clear that such writers cannot easily live by the produce of their pens. A common interest in literature brings them together. They meet and discuss books and authors. They admire or they dislike each other. Parties are formed, and then cliques; and in the end one of these cliques is enabled for a time to pass off the works of its members upon an ingenuous and torpid public by means of multiple reviewing. Jones will review Smith's book in four or five different papers; and Smith will do the same by Jones's book when it is published. Robinson will help both, and will receive help in turn. Brown will lend a hand. Possibly a dozen favorable reviews of one book will result. Each reviewer receives payment for his reviews, and each will receive commendation in turn when his own book appears. Now this is a very friendly arrangement, and it has certain obvious advantages. It produces an air of unanimity in the press. But it tends to diminish the power of reviews. Commendation in the press now counts for very little. In the same way dispraise has ceased to be condemnation. It is not the tone of the review which counts with the initiated, but the space it occupies. The tone of the review may be anything you like: the length is a rough indication of the reviewed author's standing,—at least in the editorial offices of the paper, but as a rule also in popular esteem. The length and the promptness. The one weapon which these community reviewers have is the power to suppress all mention of a book written by somebody they dislike; and this weapon cannot be used very often or very successfully against writers of distinction.

It is sometimes imagined that reviewing by clique is a new thing; but while it has been carried recently to a scandalous pitch it is not new. It is quite old. It is as old as the modern connection between the writing of books and the reviewing of books by the same persons. As long as I have seen anything of the world of newspaper critics (always the London world) it has been spotted by cliques the members of which were suffering from lack of taste, overconfidence, and the instinct to pull wires in favor of each other. As long as reviewing is ill-paid it is bound to attract those who, being young and ambitious, think that they see in reviewing a means of advancing their own reputations. But they can only do this in small groups. They cannot stand alone. They must extravagantly praise their friends, and in return receive extravagant praise. But they do not praise those who are not their friends. If they were to praise those others it would mean that they had shed that sense of inferiority which causes them to hunt in packs.

* * *

For that is really what is at the bottom of community-reviewing. It is the sense that without such venal help you and your friends will never succeed in winning fame and fortune. "Left alone," these young men say, "who would ever notice us? We must gather together, and shout aloud in chorus, and then perhaps we shall be heard and seen." Thy proceed to shout. Their shouting is to be found in practically all the London daily and weekly periodicals which give space to the reviewing of books. It is not always the same crowd that is shouting, for there are several crowds animated with the same objects; but the shouting is going on all the time. I emphasize this fact in order to show that superciliousness towards Amrican writers does not exist. The only thing that exists is what in England is called the "public school spirit." This is parochialism legitimized and encouraged for the good of the school—the good of the crowd. It takes the form in reviewing of regarding all those who do not belong to your own crowd as being enemies of light. If they belong to other crowds they are enemies; if they belong to no other crowd they are outsiders. There is no superciliousness. There is a sense of superiority which, when it is examined, proves to be a sense of inferiority. When a man feels inferior, he always reminds himself of his superiority; and it is in this way that educated young English reviewers try to justify to themselves the fact that they have not yet personally added masterpieces to the English tongue.

I have said that we have in London several crowds of group reviewers. That is true. But we also have several schools of reviewers who have no necessary connection with any crowd. They may be roughly—but not exhaustively—grouped as the Brilliant School, the Serious School, the Bloomsbury School, and so on. Occasionally all these schools will unite, as they did over Mr. E. M. Forster's novel, "A Passage to India," but as a rule they remain distinct, for reasons which will be made clear. I think it must be said that in addition to these groups there is the Unsuccessful School; and I do not quite know how to make my meaning as regards this school clear without offensiveness. But it is the case that when you have ambition in excess of talent ambition occasionally sours into envy, loss of self-respect, and

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Historical Portraits

CORRESPONDENCE OF JOHN ADAMS AND THOMAS JEFFERSON, 1812-1826. Selected, with Comment by PAUL WILSTACH. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1925. $2.75.

JEFFERSON AND HAMILTON: THE STRUGGLE FOR DEMOCRACY IN AMERICA. By CLAUDE G. BOWERS. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1925. $5.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF THOMAS JEFFERSON. By FRANCIS W. HIRST. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1925. $6.

Reviewed by ALBERT J. NOCK
Sometime Editor of *The Freeman*

ALL these books are most welcome. Indeed, there is a welcome ready for much more than they furnish. If Mr. Wilstach, for instance, had gone further and had given the whole of the Adams-Jefferson correspondence, instead of feeding his readers on the thin diet of selections, he would have put us all under immense obligations. It is a shabby thing, and one which American publishers ought to be thoroughly ashamed of, that one of the great correspondences of the world is not available except as one sifts it out of "collected works." If one sets out to know what kind of men John Adams and Mr. Jefferson really were, rather than what kind somebody thinks they were, the place to begin is with this correspondence, and when a person of even moderate literary tact and experience gets through with it, he will find himself a long way towards his object. If any reader has this purpose in view, Mr. Wilstach's book, fragmentary and irritating as it is, will be by far the most useful of the three here presented.

Mr. Bowers's report of what went on in the United States in the ten years 1790-1800 puts him in the front rank of archivist-journalist historians. One cannot praise him too highly for his success in doing just what he set out to do. His book is well organized, strong, interesting, and as accurate as any piece of journalism could and should be. The only complaint one could have against Mr. Bowers is the rather hypercritical one that while he was shaking off so many of the conventions of journalism, he did not shake them all off—whereas one ought to be grateful to him for getting rid of as many as he has. Yet it is due to the reader to say that only by a sheer journalistic convention, and I think a culpable one, can the struggle of 1790-1800 be represented as a struggle for democracy. There was never a struggle for democracy in all our history; democracy was never in question in the period that Mr. Bowers analyzes so well, or at any other time. The struggle was between a debtor and producing class, largely agrarian, and a monopolist-capitalist exploiting class. Mr. Bowers's own work shows the real nature of this struggle quite plainly—one can piece out a very good picture of it from his pages—and this only aggravates the impropriety of his assumption that anything remotely resembling democracy was at issue. In any proper sense of the word, Mr. Jefferson can hardly be said to have been much more of a democrat than Alexander Hamilton. Again, the view of Mr. Jefferson as a most astute and adroit machine politician, manipulator, organizer, party manager, is purely conventional, and Mr. Bowers has laid much more stress on it than the facts warrant—certainly more, as the reader will perceive at once, than is warranted by anything that Mr. Bowers adduces. No doubt Mr. Jefferson makes what journalists call a "good story" in the character of an easy boss, but hardly a true one. But I do not dream of finding fault with Mr. Bowers's book; I have too much respect for it, and too strong a desire to see it in everyone's hands, and I venture to drop these two or three grains of salt on it only because I believe it will be better digested with them than without them.

Mr. Hirst has done a formal biography. One's first impression of it is one of interest at finding that a foreigner and an Englishman should have done so well with a subject so uncommonly treacherous even for a native critic. One would say that to all foreigners an Englishman would find an considerable difficulty, as a matter of temperament, in getting anything like a measure of Mr. Jefferson's character and qualities. A Frenchman would be likely to do better, an Italian better still. Yet Mr. Hirst has done extremely well; so well that although his book was written primarily for English readers, it ought to have the field here as well as there, since it is much better than anything we have in print—for Parton's work, which in spite of all the professional historians in the country, and in spite of Mr. Hirst himself, I am perverse enough to believe is still the best for the general reader, is long out of print.

Mr. Jefferson said that a reviewer always thinks he must show himself wiser than his author, so perhaps one should make a little flourish over the number of small errors of fact in Mr. Hirst's book. Some of them, if made by a native writer, would inevitably be put down to carelessness; and in one or two of them, I am sorry to say, there is evidence that Mr. Hirst was depending on his secretary's observation and not on his own. Even in the aggregate, however, these errors are not important, and the general excellence of the book carries one over them without trouble. Mr. Hirst is a political Liberal of the best type, and his work is somewhat shaded by a desire to straighten out misunderstanding, and to promote good feeling between his people and our own. This is laudable, and a biography of Mr. Jefferson no doubt affords some play for such a desire, yet one may doubt if Mr. Hirst always holds it quite well enough in hand,—one must perhaps demur a little, for instance, at some of his generosity towards American motive in the circumstances leading up to the Revolution. Mr. Hirst also seems rather to have been let in by the traditional account of some phases of American life. But his color is most pleasant, if a little high, and a native will enjoy looking at it even while remarking that it is somewhat high. An American reader, in fact, will easily settle all these matters for himself as he goes along, and with no resultant feeling towards Mr. Hirst but one of interested and grateful appreciation.

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A Typical Inn Trade Card
Drawn and engraved by Hogarth. From "The English Inn, Past and Present," by Harold Donaldson Eberlein and A. E. Richardson (Lippincott).

Poe and Allan

EDGAR ALLAN POE LETTERS TILL NOW UNPUBLISHED, in the Valentine Museum, Richmond, Virginia. Edited by MARY NEWTON STANARD. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1925. Limited edition: $15.

Reviewed by NORMAN FOERSTER
University of North Carolina

A CENTURY has elapsed since the first of these Poe letters was penned at the University of Virginia, a century in which a great many people have spent a great deal of time seeking to unravel the mysteries of the poet's youth. Some of these mysteries concern his relations with his foster father, and are in part disposed of by the letters now published. Apparently they are the only letters written by Poe to Allan, his "Dear Pa" and also his "Dear Sir." Taken together with letters written by Allan that contain references to Poe (letters discovered by Killis Campbell *after* Woodberry's and others' biographies had appeared), they go far toward our reconstruction of Poe's boyhood and youth. The letters discovered by Professor Campbell show that the first breach between Allan and his adopted son occurred at least as early as the boy's fifteenth year. The present letters are the story of later breaches and quasi-reconciliations, and of Poe's desperate appeals for money, down to the year 1834, in which they terminated abruptly through the death of John Allan.

The world, says the editor of the letters, must be the judge between father and son. Perhaps it would be wiser to leave the decision to "the perfect witness of all-judging Jove." For the letters now revealed are not a "correspondence," as the editor sometimes terms them, but one side of a correspondence. Allan, it is true, jotted down some very significant comments, which do not place him in an enviable light, but it is only fair to give due weight to his remark on the most important letter of all: "His letter is the most barefaced one-sided statement." In these letters we live, not in the proud mind and heart of John Allan, but in the proud mind and heart of the youthful Edgar. Although they will have to be studied carefully, I suspect that in the end we shall arrive where we probably found ourselves at the beginning: we shall feel that there were two sides to the quarrel, that both sides were rather grossly at fault, and that our sympathy should lie with Poe because of his youth. About two-thirds of the letters he wrote before attaining the age of twenty-one—the age at which we all magically put on virtue and wisdom. He deserves whatever measure of excuse we are pleased to allow to the immature, and he should be given it whole-heartedly because his upbringing had been that of a spoiled child. It seems plain that Allan himself sharpened exquisitely the thorn that was to rankle in his side. Still, the letters show that the youth *was* a thorn, and not milk and honey. To the vanity, pride, and sensitiveness of his father, he opposed the same qualities. The differences in tone between the two result mainly from the difference in their position; Allan was almost uniformly hard, Poe alternately dignified and cringing. Neither displayed the understanding born of self-conquest. They sought, instead, to conquer each other. They were both so "human" that they strike one as almost inhuman.

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Thus, in one of the early letters, Edgar, having left his father's house in Richmond, explains that he has been roaming about the streets "nearly exhausted," "not having tasted food since yesterday morning," and begs for twelve dollars to take him to Boston; "I sail," he announces a little majestically, "on Saturday." On this sheet his parent wrote the words, "Pretty Letter." On a later occasion, the boy asks his father to assume a risk of one hundred dollars to assure the publication of a poem (Alf Aaraaf), to which Allan "replied . . . strongly censuring his conduct and refusing my aid." Could Allan foresee that this wayward poetaster was one day to be a fixed star? Subsequently, when John Neal discovered promise in Poe's verses, the skeptical father apparently condescended to request that some poems be sent for his examination, and at length permitted his prodigal son to return home. Another break ensued; and at the beginning of 1830, writing from West Point, Poe reviews in detail his life at the University of Virginia, giving special attention to his father's failure to supply needful funds, and asserts that now at West Point the same difficulties are driving him to desperate measures. He threatens, "I shall neglect my studies and duties at the institution—if I do not receive your answer in 10 days."

The only answer was the now familiar silence; and Poe accordingly made his way to New York "without a cloak or any other clothing of importance," and caught "a most violent cold on my lungs, my *ear* discharges blood. . . . I hardly know what I am writing—Please send me a little money—quickly." On this sheet Allan wrote, two years later: ". . . precious relict of the Blackest Heart and deepest ingratitude alike destitute of honour and principle every day of his life has only served to confirm his debased nature—Suffice it to say my only regret is in Pity for his failings—his Talents are of an order that can never prove a comfort to their possessor." The gap goes on widening, with multiplied appeals, till at length, in Baltimore, at the close of 1831, the young man confesses that "Sickness and misfortune have left me not a shadow of pride," only to resume, a moment later, his wonted self-righteousness and pride: "I feel at the very bottom of my heart," he says, bringing the letter to a strong close, "that if you were in my situation and you in mine [sic], how differently I would act." The turn of phrase is that of

> If I could dwell
> Where Israfel
> Hath dwelt, and he where I

—but alas, we do not choose our lot in this "world of sweets and sours," and none of the sours in Poe's experience could have been much farther from the few sweets he tasted than his relations with John Allan, merchant.

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Exotic Theatre Art

THE CHINESE THEATRE. By A. E. ZUCKER. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1925. $7.50.

Reviewed by GLENN HUGHES
University of Washington

ONE of the most fascinating theatres in the world is the Chinese. To those who have no first-hand acquaintance with it, it appeals as something delightfully remote, filled with innumerable æsthetic possibilities; to those who have actually seen it and heard it (emphasis on the latter), it remains generally one of the major mysteries of life on this earth. Most Westerners after witnessing one performance are content to leave the mystery unsolved. A few, students of the theatre as a rule, develop a feverish interest in its solution, and not only attend many performances, but read every available treatise on the subject. For at least a century this study has continued, without any great satisfaction to the majority of students. The Chinese theatre itself has baffled them; the treatises upon it in English have proved decidedly inadequate. In consequence, there has developed a common belief that this particular theatre art is something so complex and so exotic that one may as well save one's mind the trouble of trying vainly to master it.

Now, I believe, as a result of Professor Zucker's work, a new attitude toward the Chinese theatre will develop. One who reads his clear and entertaining book is very apt to arrive at the conclusion that this mysterious institution is, in the words applied by Oscar Wilde to woman, "a sphinx without a secret." Its only difficult component part is its music, and there seems to be some question in the minds of musicians as to whether this barbaric medley of sounds is worth analysis. It might, one fancies, contribute novel effects to our jazz, but one hesitates to recommend the acceptance of such a contribution. The raucous discordant accompaniment to Chinese drama is not of pure Chinese origin, but came in with the Mongols, and somehow succeeded in supplanting the softer, more melodic, and soothing music which so charmed the ancient sages of Peking.

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As for scenery, this theatre is strikingly analogous to the theatre of Shakespeare's time. The latter was, if anything, the more complex, because of the inner stage and balcony. The Chinese perform on a bare projecting platform, with embroidered hangings the only background. The properties employed in these two types of theatre are, as Professor Zucker points out, almost identical, the difference being again that the Chinese are simpler. Where the Elizabethans made use of a hobby-horse for a mounted warrior, the Chinese use only a whip.

Conventional acting in the Chinese theatre, made familiar to us by "The Yellow Jacket," is certainly more amusing than profound. Certain simple and well understood symbolic gestures are absolutely necessary to any non-realistic theatre. If the actor must enter a door which is not present on the stage, he must lift his foot to indicate his passing over the imagined sill. This is just what the Chinese actor does. As soon as the spectator is given the key to a number of similar conventions, the "profound symbolism" of the whole performance suddenly vanishes.

A degree of subtlety is to be found, of course, in the costumes, which are extremely elaborate and surpassingly lovely. Beautifully related colors and exquisitely embroidered designs make the Chinese actor's costume the chief æsthetic attraction of the entire theatre. With such costumes scenery is unnecessary. Incidentally, Professor Zucker's book has among its illustrations four paintings on silk, in full color, representing as many types of Chinese stage characters in costume. These paintings were executed by art students in Peking, and are admirably done.

After all, a theatre exists for its drama. We do not measure the value of the Elizabethan theatre by its methods of staging, but by the plays of Shakespeare. And when we examine the Chinese drama we discover that in spite of its considerable age, it remains the most naive and childish of all types of drama performed in civilized countries. It is not so old as one might imagine—according to Professor Zucker it dates only from the thirteenth century, but since its origin it has undergone very little improvement. It is often farcical, sometimes melodramatic, but never tragic. Out of hundreds of extant plays, not one tragedy! It is intensely moral, in the sense that conventional virtue always triumphs over vice, and its philosophy resembles that displayed in the stories written for our Sunday School periodicals.

Why is it that the Chinese, who have excelled in several arts, should have left their drama on such a plane? Professor Zucker answers this question in part by explaining that the great scholars and thinkers of old China despised any form of literature which was written in the vernacular. Poetry and pure philosophy they respected and cultivated as aristocratic forms of literary expression, but these were written in classical Chinese, which was extremely difficult to understand. The drama and novel, intended for popular consumption, of necessity employed the vernacular, and in consequence were condemned as vulgar. Thus it is clear that Chinese drama is bad because it has always been democratic.

Immediately one thinks of a striking contrast: the Noh dramas of Japan, born only a little later than Chinese drama, but nourished in the court and kept always in the hands of the select. This drama, and the art of the theatre which evolved with it, developed, as everyone knows, into one of the most beautiful and perfect forms of expression yet recorded. The deeper one penetrates the Noh, the surer one feels of having delved into something rich, mysterious, and inspiring. It is a product of "the best minds."

The English-speaking world should feel very grateful to Professor Zucker for his interesting elucidation of the Chinese theatre. The only adverse criticism of the book which I might make is that, in reprinting certain articles previously published in magazines, and now employing them as chapters, he has given the reader a number of repetitions of fact. This, however, is a minor fault. The book is entertaining, it exhibits a scholarly understanding of theatre art in general, and above all, it dissipates the cloud of mystery which has hung so long about the Chinese theatre.

Romances of Science

MICROBE HUNTERS. By PAUL DE KRUIF. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1926.

Reviewed by HANS ZINSSER, M. D.
Harvard University Medical School

IT is a pity that biography cannot always be written by those who are qualified by training to appraise the achievements which they record. One of the important things that make this book an unusually good one is the fact that de Kruif writes about men whose labors developed the science to which he himself was trained. When his first book ("Our Medical Men") appeared, we thought it a crude and bilious performance in which he strung out, to public view, all the medical dirty linen which better men were trying to wash. In style it was consciously imitative of Mencken, achieving all the bad taste of this literary bruiser without his brilliancy. We dig up the past only by way of contrast and to explain to ourselves and others how it is that the same man can do such a good job after such a poor one. In the first book he was writing in a spirit of disgust about things with which he was only superficially acquainted, and there were raw spots on his intellectual anatomy which made it hard for his spirit to sit down and contemplate. This time he writes, not with malice, but with admiration of men and deeds that constitute a chapter of scientific history thrilling and romantic as any conquest or voyage of discovery. The adventurousness of scientific work which these biographical chapters reveal, and which is often lost in the dry, impersonal accounts usually accessible, may explain to many lay readers why there exist—and will always exist—a small and peculiar group in the population who will take a job at two or three thousand a year when they might be in the hardware business and drive a Cadillac.

Beside the necessary technical knowledge, de Kruif has brought much hard work to his task, and the thoroughness which made him, before he decided to chase fame on the back of the literary hare instead of the scientific turtle, a good bacteriologist. Knowing his men, he does not exaggerate them into the priggish perfection that can ruin the most lovable character. He does not neglect the faults and peculiarities that make them human and give the reader the pleasurable sensation of at least having a bad habit or disposition in common with the great. How many of us, indeed, have not been made happy by the recent revelation of George Washington's fondness for fermented fruit. There is a large amount of information, perhaps not new, but certainly unfamiliar to many at whose firesides these men have been household gods.

The style of the book is not entirely pleasing. Especially in its earlier chapters the tone is too much one of banter, and—as one of our associates said—in the "bedtime story" vein. This grows a little less so when the men dealt with are closer to us in time—contemporaries, or almost that. It would be difficult to speak banteringly of Koch—impossible of Ehrlich for one who had felt the quizzical eye of the master, wondering why he should be disturbed by a visitor. Incidentally, there is one omission in this chapter—for the reviewer remembers distinctly that on leaving the Frankfurt laboratory after his pilgrimage to the Mecca of immunology, his mind was filled with wonderings how a man so obviously and truly great could smoke such bad cigars. The chapter on Koch is unusually good—of which we are glad, for it has seemed to us that this great master has not received the general popular understanding that he merits, and his superb work on tuberculosis has quite shaded into forgetfulness the many other achievements which alone would have made a lesser man famous. We miss the inclusion of a chapter on Bordet, the only serious omission. The choice must have been a difficult part of the task, but we hope that if the book goes into other editions—as we trust it may—Bordet will have a place in this proud company to which he belongs in mind and spirit.

Dirt

(*Continued from page* 605)

tality, where all women are pure in every thought or utterly abandoned, and the hero is virtuous, the villain villainous in every act. And the readers of such fiction, who number millions still, regard the mention of a prostitute as a clear evidence of immorality, and a reference to the less wholesome aspects of everyday life as unnecessary and tending to sin. Attack the suggestiveness of many moderns and you play into the hands of hypocrites and sentimentalists.

And on the other side there is the writing described above, seductive, suggestive, based upon a cynical philosophy, and designed to exploit the frailty of human flesh. Defend the notable gains in freedom of expression and honesty of treatment which the pioneers of truth in our generations have secured for art, and you may find yourself enrolled as an apologist for pornography.

Nevertheless, while morality has a variable content from age to age, yet an abandonment to nature has never been the way of advance for civilization. It is not hard to tell whether a book is written to interpret or exploit, whether it is nasty or merely humorous; nor to tell whether a play is a study of human nature, or a play upon human frailties. The vulgar dirt that floods the magazine market must be condemned. The principle of let the buyer beware must sometimes be accepted lest the innocent suffer with the guilty, but we must educate the buyer as to the nature of his reading. In erotic art (in which we must include "Romeo and Juliet" and the novels of D. H. Lawrence) we must distinguish between the frankness of honesty and nastiness, valuing the art, if it is great, even when decrying the eroticism, recognizing that our sexual unrest must have its vent, but praising neither the unrest nor its outcome, and never forgetting that measure in literature as in life is a virtue which has never been undervalued by time.

The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

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Published weekly by The Saturday Review Co., Inc., Henry S. Canby, President, Roy E. Larsen, Vice-president, Noble A. Cathcart, Secretary-Treasurer, 25 West 45th Street, New York. Subscription rate, per year, postpaid: In the U. S. and Mexico, $3.50; in Canada, $4; in Great Britain, 18 shillings; elsewhere, $4.50. All business communications should be addressed to Noble A. Cathcart, 25 West 45th Street, New York. Entered as second-class matter, at the Post Office, at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Vol. II. No. 32.
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Work and Win

PIG IRON. By CHARLES G. NORRIS. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1926. $5.

Reviewed by JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH
The Nation

THE idea of turning the Alger books wrong-side out seems to have occurred to Mr. Dreiser and Mr. Norris at about the same time with the result that the former has just produced the story of the idle apprentice while the latter has just published the companion story of his industrious brother. Mr. Dreiser offered us something in the nature of an apology for one of those youths who happened to possess neither the pluck nor the luck characteristic of his fictional prototypes but Mr. Norris accepts completely the pattern of the "Work and Win" series, reserving his iconoclasm for their premises alone. His hero is one of those who came up from the country to make their way in the world and who made it because, unlike Mr. Dreiser's hero, they heeded the good advice and accepted the ideals of those who had travelled the road before him. In a brief episode he learns, what all are ready to tell him, that the primrose path leads, if not to the eternal bonfire, at least to financial ruin and from then on he accepts without demur the promise held out in the American beatitude: "Blessed are the clean-livers for they shall attain Success." From Mr. Wright, the Sunday school teacher, he does not imbibe much enthusiasm for abstract enthusiasm about Jesus but he catches completely the practical morality behind it: The God of Success is a jealous God and thou shalt worship no other God but him: Pleasure or debauchery, love or dalliance, are fatal enemies to singleness of purpose, but to those who are willing to sacrifice all else to him he will bring his reward. Sam Smith, for such is the undistinguished name of the hero, accepts the promise and he ends possessor of the magic million several times over.

* * *

Such is Mr. Norris's fable and it is one which might have served without much change save in its coloring as the basis of one of those little books which we used to borrow from the Sunday School library. Mr. Norris is no satirist and no cynic; he scoffs at nothing, not even the rather barren piety of his hero's patrons, but he manages, nevertheless, in his own serious fashion to point out the spiritual barrenness of the period which ended with the Great War. Ponderously and meticulously he recreates the New York which the generation just passed created, and he passes, by implication his judgment upon it. Here are the great dark houses, costly but not beautiful, in which people lived; here are the people themselves, moral without elevation, powerful without achievement, worshipping success without ever having stopped to ask how success may be defined. To them can come no suspicion of failure; America presented a definite opportunity and they seized it; but now that the strength of the great national wave which carried them forward has passed it has occurred to Mr. Norris, as it has occurred to so many others, to put the Socratic question: America is a land of opportunity, but "Opportunity for What?" It is a question which one generation would not have comprehended, a question which the hero of the present book, come in the end to take stock of his achievements, finds half formulated in his mind, and it is the question which half the American novels of the last five years have asked in one form or another.

* * *

Denied as he is either humor or brilliance Mr. Norris is nevertheless able to demand the respect and hold the interest of his readers by virtue of a certain dogged seriousness of mind. His stories begin at the beginning and they end at the end; they rest upon solid foundations and they are constructed solidly brick by brick. No tremendous passion carries them on, no trace of eloquence sends them soaring, but they stand honestly and foursquarely fulfilling the purpose for which they were written. Compared with Mr. Dreiser, and under the circumstances the comparison is inevitable, he lacks the latter's glowing if smothered intensity and he lacks his muscular vigor. A discouraged idealist still hoping to find in life a possible good, Mr. Norris cannot describe a tragedy with Dreiser's exultant ferocity. The spectacle of his hero's failure fills him with a mood of almost elegiac regret and it is discouragement, not defiance, which seems to animate his writing. Yet he has withal the gift of sustained narrative and the gift of creating a solid and convincing background. Granted an intenser conviction or a more glowing passion his writings would be great; as it is they are no more than honestly good.

Another Best Seller

THE BLACK FLEMINGS. By KATHLEEN NORRIS. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

MRS. NORRIS shares with Harold Bell Wright, Zane Grey, and the late Gene Stratton Porter a popularity which no one who is interested in contemporary literature,—and for the matter of that, in contemporary civilization—can afford to ignore. For it is a phenomenon indicative of the mood and temper of the nation as well as of the abilities of these authors. In the face of the sales of their books, it must be an intrepid observer indeed who would attempt to maintain the thesis that American optimism is a thing of the past. The American is still romantic, still believes that life, though it may not, ought to furnish a happy ending, that happiness is the reward of virtue, and that beauty and goodness are the open sesame to success. A thousand authors are spreading this gospel every day; that Mrs. Norris and a handful of others are doing it so successfully is evidence to the existence of an unusual talent.

* * *

In Mrs. Norris, indeed, the talent is so marked as to cause one to mourn for its misuse. She has the born narrator's gift for telling a story, the power to advance through the ramifications of her plot with never a slackening of the interest, to invest its incidents with tension, with sentiment, with poignance. But she will not hold her gifts in leash to truth or art but must let tension swell to melodrama, sentiment slop over into sentimentality, and poignance cloy to sweetness. She has an excellent facility of description,—the ability to recreate the physical background of her story with verisimilitude and sharp picturesqueness, and she has a fatal tendency to gloss over the realistic setting with a wash of romantic artificiality that destroys its faithfulness. This latest tale of hers is a case admirably in point; she places it in a little fishing village of the American seaboard, depicts an old family mansion with a wealth of homely detail that would have done credit to the Mark Twain of "Life on the Mississippi,"—and manages to invest the house and its surroundings with the stock atmosphere of an English romantic novel. It is a remarkable perversion of abilities, and of rare abilities, as anyone who reads certain of the passages in this book must feel. The very sparkle of the sunshine, the tang of the sea, the still whiteness of the winter landscape is in her descriptions of nature; the awkward ponderousness of the mid-Victorian home lives again in her Wastewater Hall—and over against these realities are the theatrical incidents that grow out of the heritage of complications which the loves and marriages of Roger Fleming, we had almost said, the lay figure of Roger Fleming, have caused.

Into the details of the plot of "The Black Flemings" we shall not go, for the story lives by the interest of its incidents alone, and there is woven into the narrative an element of mystery. But why, why must Mrs. Norris, with her indubitable sympathy for the genuine and the fine, with her keen powers of observation, content herself with hackneyed situations such as that devolving from the love of her hero first for one cousin and then for another? Why must she employ episodes that have been outworn ever since "Jane Eyre" presented them so much more powerfully? Why must she sketch only the most superficial aspects of character, and write her conversation down to the level of the simplest mind? She can do otherwise, for she has.

"The average popular book costs $2.00," says the *Publishers' Weekly*. "In an edition of 3,000 copies, it costs the publisher 20 cents for plates, 30 cents for printing and binding, 30 cents for author's royalty, 10 cents for advertising, 35 cents for overhead and selling expenses. The bookseller's average discount is 35 per cent, which gives the publisher only 5 cents profit per book until he sells more than 3,000 copies, and the bookseller a possible profit of 14 cents per book, for the average overhead expense of the bookstore is 28 per cent of the business."

"An Universal Benefactress"

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU. Her Life and Letters (1689-1762). By LEWIS MELVILLE. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1925. $5.

Reviewed by WILMARTH LEWIS

FEW English women of the first half of the Eighteenth Century approach Lady Mary Wortley Montagu in interest. Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu, the Queen of the Bluestockings (who was no relation whatever) belongs almost entirely to the second half. Sarah Jennings, Duchess of Marlborough, lived down to '44, but her splendor had faded with the new century. Lady Suffolk, George the Second's pure but pleasant mistress, shines by reflection in the pages of Pope, Swift, and Horace Walpole. Lady Mary supplies her own light with Elizabethan vigor, and it bravely shines through all the colored lanterns hung about her by her contemporaries.

Now that the Eighteenth Century is coming into fashion it is only natural that its great people should have books published about them. The wonder is that there are so few. I believe that Mr. Melville's book is the only biography of Lady Mary in print. George Paston's "Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and Her Times" must be searched for in second-hand book shops. The same is true of all the Nineteenth Century variations of Wharncliffe's "Life and Letters" with its delightful Introductory Anecdotes by Lady Mary's granddaughter, Lady Louisa Stuart—which is altogether the best thing ever written about Lady Mary. As such, therefore, Mr. Melville's book is welcome, but to those who know Lady Mary it is but a rewarming of books already familiar.

* * *

A recent English reviewer of Sir Sidney Lee's "Life of Edward VII" advised beginning it at the back and skimming forward. In that way, he explained, the eye was continually lighting on something one could follow until submerged in dulness. Applying this method to the present book, which is hard reading only because the author has not digested his material, we find in the final paragraph that Horace Walpole "gibed" at her to the end—"With her usual maternal tenderness and usual generosity, she has left her son one guinea"—but that, as if in remorse for his persistent laughing at her, he later rebuked Lady Craven for joining it. "The invaluable art of innoculation which she brought from Constantinople, so dear to all admirers of beauty, and to which we own, perhaps the preservation of yours, stamps her an universal benefactress; and as you rival her in poetic talents I had rather you would employ them to celebrate her for her nostrum, than detect her for romancing." See how swiftly we are led up to the picture! We learn that she introduced "innoculation" against small-pox, that she was a poet and a writer of travels, that she was "close," that Walpole "gibed" at her. Turning over a few pages we come to always delightful extracts from Lady Mary's letters, mostly, at this time, to her daughter, Lady Bute, the Prime Minister's wife. We find that the old lady was wise as well as witty—and soiled. "I think my time better employed in reading the adventures of imaginary people, than the Duchess of Marlborough's, who passed the latter years of her life in paddling with her will, and contriving schemes of plaguing some, and extracting praise from others, to no purpose; eternally disappointed, and eternally fretting." Moving forward we find that this tranquillity had not been achieved without effort. There had been Mr. Montagu, and that terrible affair with M. Rémond, and the South Sea Bubble. There had been the even more horrible affair with Pope in which as "Sappho" she still annually meets the gaze of driven Sophomores.

> As Sappho's diamond with her dirty smock;
> Or Sappho at her toilet's greasy task.

Out beyond this we go to the time when Pope thought so differently, when "Other beauties envy Wortley's eyes," when Gay vied with him in the same lyric strain, when she was the friend of Addison and Steele and Congreve; clear back to the frontispiece in color which shows her, at the age of eight, the toast of the Kit Kat Club. But before reaching it one will have stopped often, attracted by the sight of a long quotation—the sign of Lady Mary in a letter, and so the sign of certain entertainment.

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A Charming Hoax?

THE DIARY OF A YOUNG LADY OF FASHION IN THE YEAR 1764-65. By CLEONE KNOX. Edited by her Kinsman, ALEXANDER BLACKER KERR. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1920. $2.50.

Reviewed by EDWARD DAVISON

IN recent light literature—and we take ourselves so seriously nowadays that there is not much to recall—few books have been so diverting and provocative as this alleged "diary." It is a bubble of bright prose, little the worse because a second reading would tend to make the colors fade while a third would prick the whole thing. While it is floating, more or less newly-blown, there is every reason to pause and admire. A number of competent critics have already suggested that Miss Knox's diary is nothing less than a literary hoax, in plain terms a forgery. They have supported such opinions with a host of internal evidence, anachronisms and all else, which need not be repeated here. But it is hard to believe that the author ever published the book with intent to deceive. The cards stick out of "her" sleeve most of the time. If Cleone Knox really existed and really wrote this book she would take a high place not only among the diarists of her time but also among that score of isolated women who, in the eighteenth century, anticipated the social ideas of a much later age. Of her century's characteristic reticence she has practically nothing. In a diary this might, possibly, have been absent. But other absences are even more noticeable.

If Cleone really wrote the book, which professes to be the casual and intermittent record of a racy love affair and the Grand Tour, she has also omitted all those usual dull observations that have their place even in the best of the world's diaries. In short, the book bears every mark of having been consciously written to meet a twentieth century taste. Miss Knox is altogether too advanced to be convincing. Moreover, even in its most characteristic and peculiar habits of idiom, slang, and fashion the eighteenth century was never half so eighteenth century in its manner as Miss Knox makes it. On the other hand it was never so failingly eighteenth century in spirit. The essence of the book is altogether too concentrated to be natural. It is more to the present point to say that the scent and flavor are stimulating and rare. From the first page, where the lady's lover attempts to break into her bedroom at midnight while she is asleep, to the last, where she elopes with him in Italy, her wit and ingenuity are sustained from page to page. Cleone flirts with a gay but discreet abandon between her sighs for the absent Mr. Ancaster, her lover. A single quotation will serve to illustrate the raciness of the diary. It is no casual example of Cleone's constant preoccupation with amours and intrigues. She writes concerning her brother Ned who has run away with a nun—

> What seems to me strange in this affair is that if Ned had merely continued to be the lover of this Nun all would have been well, for they are permitted to carry on intrigues and lead lives of great immorality; but to attempt to become her lawful husband was, it seems, an unpardonable sin, and thus poor Ned is to suffer for the first Respectable thing I have ever known him do.

Only the twentieth century would ever have dreamed of spelling respectable with a capital R. For the rest Miss Knox must tell for herself of her own indiscretions and adventures in Europe. They are the lightest reading imaginable. She has a naughty awareness which is at once suspicious and delicious. Her humor has a feathery, girlish touch and we should never be surprised to learn that the true author of the book was someone of her own age and sex. It is to be hoped that Mr. Kerr, her "editor and kinsman," will discover a later account of her elopement and marriage, whereat the diary stops short. Stranger things have happened.

I think that in all descriptions of the good life here on earth we must assume a certain basis of animal vitality and animal instinct; without this, life becomes tame and uninteresting. Civilization should be something added to this, not substituted for it; the ascetic saint and the detached sage fail in this respect to be complete human beings. A small number of them may enrich a community; but a world composed of them would die of boredom.—BERTRAND RUSSELL, in *What I Believe*.

The BOWLING GREEN

A University

IT seemed to me singularly happy that the Johns Hopkins University, celebrating its fiftieth anniversary, invited as its guest of honor Dr. Pupin, whose career has been one of the gallant romances of modern scholarship. Dr. Pupin is a poet at heart, as all great scientists must be, and those who heard him will not forget his description of landing in Baltimore from a Chesapeake boat one Sunday morning fifty-two years ago. He was then a young immigrant still in his 'teens, and what most impressed him was the bells—not the dark-eyed slenders for whom Baltimore is still famous, but the chiming bronzes of a great church. These, he was told, were the bells of a Catholic cathedral. "They almost persuaded me," said Dr. Pupin, "to stay in Baltimore and become a Roman Catholic." The sound of those bells, on a soft Maryland air, became symbolic of Baltimore in his eager mind; but with no strictly sectarian association. As he spoke one could almost hear them chiming clear in his memory; they might have been a sort of annunciation carillon for the prenatal Johns Hopkins University whose plans were then moving in the minds of generous men. And Dr. Pupin went on to tell how forty years ago, as far away as the lecture rooms of Helmholtz in Berlin, he heard from young scientists of the great things that were being done in the new university in Baltimore; and again, in Cambridge and London a few years later, the names of Daniel Gilman and his group of teachers were already household words. These men, without scorning delights, had indeed lived laborious days; and they had contradicted Milton's sad lines. They had strictly meditated the Muse and found her not thankless; and, in the eyes of all the world's scholars, the sudden blaze had come without any slitting of the thread. "It thrilled the American intellect as it had never been thrilled before."

* * *

Perhaps it is only after great wars and calamities that men set aside their smallnesses and distractions to coöperate on some ideal vision. As clear as those calling chimes that rang in Dr. Pupin's memory there has always sounded, for those who have any interest in such matters, the echo and tradition of the great and frugal days of the Johns Hopkins prime. And therefore there was a special thrill in being present at the festival the other day when the university reaffirmed and refreshed its original motive of concentration upon advanced studies and research. The one thing upon which, by the current of the time, most universities have found themselves almost inevitably focussed—the gathering of a huge body of undergraduates and the equipment of an enormous "plant" for mass instruction and a jovial sporting life—this, whatever its necessities and charms and profits, is definitely disavowed by Johns Hopkins. It is to remain one of the few genuine universities, in the purely technical sense of the word, in our American life; the undergraduate courses are to be cut down to two years, and only those students admitted whose ambition is for breaking new ground in the fields of knowledge. It would be hard to overestimate the courage and patience that will be necessary, in the immediate years to come, in any college administration that deliberately sets aside the profitable distractions of a large undergraduate clientèle. But there can be no doubt that the courageous way will be, as always, the profitable way; and after flirting in recent years with the exciting temptation of developing a big lively college of young athletes and saxophonists, Johns Hopkins finds them irrelevant to its real task. Only those who have no idea of what fun it may be to try to learn things, will imagine that this means the J. H. U. will become a severe and grievous place of penance. It will be what every university when it lies awake at night has dreamed of being—a place where the enthusiasm of young zealots is not lamed and held back by genial loafers, and where the bonfires are lit not when a goal-line is crossed but when a new symphony is played or a new germ discovered. And so might even come about what Dr. Pupin pronounced as a desirable state of affairs: that no rich man in America should feel he had a right to die without leaving something to Johns Hopkins.

The concentration on the true function of a university—viz. professors and students joining together to find out new knowledges rather than professors merely telling students what has been known before—is certainly not a dreamy and fantastic ideal but a severely practical one. And here, as Dr. Pupin pointed out, is where the university bridges the gulf between the scholar and the "practical man." The practical man, when he faces such problems as utilizing the energy of Niagara Falls or electrifying underground railways, always has to resort to the scientific idealist for assistance; life insurance companies sit on the doorstep of mathematics professors for suggestions as to "probabilities" and actuarial graphs. The fear of universities that by insufficient seating accommodation in the stadium or an amateurish football team they may alienate prosperous alumni is surely an exaggerated alarm. Even the manufacturers of coonskin coats, who have been among the most active recent beneficiaries of college education everywhere North of Mason and Dixon, can see the advantage of taxidermatology. Even some undergraduates themselves must grow a trifle weary of the idea that their duty at college is to compile magazines approximating as nearly as possible to the McFadden Publications. Those who hanker for that sort of thing will always find colleges where they will be encouraged. But as Dr. Pupin was told by young American zealots in Berlin forty years ago, in Baltimore they had gathered together a group of men who were enchanted by learning; who were trying to rise above the "mean and low and unimportant." And in Baltimore, almost more than in any other city of old American culture, such an ambition can still be carried on. Still, to the casual visitor, it seems to have some of its old serenity; still it holds a core of intellectual aristocracy; still it has a quietness in its heart. I think of the station master at Mount Royal Station, placidest of all great railway stoppings. On his bulletin board you will find him writing, the most perfect Spencerian calligrapher in America, the announcements of his coming trains even when, as often happens, there are only two or three possible travellers sitting in rocking chairs in the waiting room. His perfect script is just as perfect even if there are no passengers at all. He is an artist, and Baltimore is still a city of artists, artists in the enjoyment of life. The Johns Hopkins of the next fifty years, centering in those beautiful colonial buildings that are gradually going up at Homewood, will be different in many ways from the old life of students and teachers gathered in city boarding houses, but it will be the same in essence as when those men of the 70's and 80's discovered the enormous fun of companionship in research. And however entertaining football games may be, I believe the ruling passion of alumni at large is that their successors should get what they themselves didn't—an education.

C. E. Montague, in a remarkable novel soon to be published—"Rough Justice," it's called, and you can keep an eye open for it a few weeks hence—deals desperately shrewd cuts at some phases of the English public-school-and-Oxford sort of thing; where it may happen that a boy's pure enthusiasm and excitement about things that interest him are pretty thoroughly bashed on the head by a pseudo-sophisticated cant that it is bad form to be excited about studies. One of the charms of the life at Johns Hopkins has always been that it was gloriously free of the handicap of that false nonsense. It was more like a Scottish university in that respect. I don't believe boys have ever hankered to go to J. H. U. because it was a socially glamorous thing to do, or because their grandfathers did. The Baltimore boys who would have been a nuisance at Johns Hopkins have always been safely and mercifully exported to the coonskin colleges. But while I was looking at the Elizabethan books in the little Tudor and Stuart Club, bequeathed to Johns Hopkins by Dr. Osler, it struck me that the phraseology of the Trustees' minute, announcing the university's plans for the future, was in one respect a little less than happy. "The Johns Hopkins University," they said, "is fortunately in a position to adopt this program. It is young. It has few hampering traditions." But it has one magnificent tradition, the tradition of lives devoted to the unknown, which hampers it from ever being "mean and low and unimportant." President Goodnow and his colleagues have had the enterprise to face squarely a problem that grizzles many educators, and even the humblest outsider may be thrilled as Dr. Pupin was, long ago, by the words he heard in Berlin. CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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Books of Special Interest

Spain, Old and New

SPAIN: A SHORT HISTORY OF ITS POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART FROM EARLIEST TIMES TO THE PRESENT. By HENRY DWIGHT SEDGWICK. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1925.

Reviewed by RUDOLPH SCHEVILL
University of California

THE author of this book desires to present a brief history of Spanish politics, literature, and art for beginners, embracing more than two thousand years in less than four hundred pages, an achievement bound to be uneven whether the purpose was serious or entertaining. The early chapters dealing with the Roman domination and the Mohammedan conquest are a trifle thin, and hardly yield more than a glimpse of what after all is the foundation upon which Spanish civilization rests. The picture of the Middle Ages is more successful, and the general reader will find some colorful pages on the Spanish people and their first achievements in art and upon the field of battle. No objection need be raised to the pleasing mixture of history and romance which characterizes several chapters, notably where the topic is political and the interest flags, where crowns are at stake, feuds are common, and the confusion is not readily resolved into facts. This applies to those portions which deal with the house of Trastamara (fourteenth century), the reigns of John II and the Catholic Sovereigns (fifteenth century). The difficulty of explaining the religious policy of Ferdinand and Isabella, the status of the Jews, and the function of the Inquisition is met and treated with commendable tolerance. Too many writers still think it their duty to sit in judgment on the acts of men of the long ago, although time and the logical sequence of events have already inflicted the penalty. Other brief well-written chapters are those on Charles V in Spain, architecture under Italian influence, and the reign of Phillip II; a pleasing tourist's account can be found in the chapters on sculpture and painting. The disquisition on Murillo could be cut down to a paragraph.

* * *

On approaching the eighteenth century, however, the author hastens a trifle too fast, leaving hardly more than eighty pages for the last two hundred years. Having nothing striking to say of this period, he repeats the commonplace that "altogether Spain was very ill" and thus fails to record the many vital forward steps. Of Ferdinand VI, in whose reign very genuine and significant progress was made, we are told "there is nothing in his reign worth recording, so I pass on." The political labyrinth of the nineteenth century is lightly treated, perhaps wisely for this type of history, but the unprecedented growth of social and industrial Spain during the last thirty years is given no adequate place, and a discussion of Spain's intellectual and artistic progress cannot be clear, especially to the beginner, without a coördinating thread of genuine understanding of all phases of Spanish life.

Throughout the author's presentation of the literature runs a thread of apology for his "rash and ignorant prejudices." This tone is modest and commendable, but does out "Marmion." At this point one hesitates notably when the opinions expressed are based on admittedly insufficient foundations. A few examples of this method will suffice. The epic of the Cid, we are told, has often been compared with the Chanson de Roland; but, says the author, "if I had to make a comparison, I think I should fetch out 'Marmion.'" At this point one hesitates to think of the feelings of anyone with genuine understanding of this foremost of Spanish epics. Instead of Ormsby's version, or the "bits of translation made by Hookham Frere" the admirable and complete English version by Leonard Bacon should be recommended to the reader. On balladry, one of the striking achievements of the Spanish people, we read "*all* Spanish ballads are a little disappointing to beginners because of their form." And not one scape the dreadful touch!

Coming down to more modern times, the romantic movement, for example, some of its essentials are given, but the essence which distinguishes it from romanticism in the rest of Europe is not clearly set forth. And how the rogue story, crassly realistic, synical, and without warmth or passion, or Quevedo's "Sueños" (Visions of Hell) can be said to have had "a romantic cast" and thus anticipate the Romantic movement, is puzzling, to say the least. Upon reaching the drama of the nineteenth century, it has been deemed sufficient to print for the beginner a roster of twenty-two names "and others," as though such a page could have the slightest meaning to anyone. Too often it is apparent that the author has not read the material treated, and that we are getting Ticknor, like a voice from the tomb, or Fitzmaurice-Kelly, or Merimée, whose opinions are not always felicitously chosen.

The "generation of 1898," whose achievement we are witnessing today, is perhaps too near to judge fairly. We become acquainted with some of the important leaders of the modern movement, and their portraits are well-drawn; but the ultimate bent of their minds can be more satisfactorily explained by taking into account the influence of their great teacher, Francisco Giner, and of his *Institución libre de enseñanza*. Of this there is no mention. Of contemporary lyric poetry the author says nothing, and if he says but little of modern painting and nothing of sculpture, he may offer the sound excuse that he has attempted too much. At the close we find countless authorities for quotations and statements made in the text. As bibliography this is very confusing and must remain wholly unintelligible to any beginner. Nothing could be more difficult to use than Cejador y Frauca's fourteen folio volumes on Spanish literature, and not many casual readers are apt to manipulate Menéndez y Pelayo's "Historia de los Heterodoxos" (a history of Protestantism) or to decipher the meaning of such hieroglyphics as "Bullar," "Ord," "FF," "Prae." As a matter of fact, the author has lost sight of the ignorant and indolent here and is merely provoking the narrow-minded scholar.

From the beginner's point of view it is fair to add that the above strictures seem a trifle severe, that many a reader may beguile a wearisome journey or a tedious hour by perusing some of the pages of this book; but even its charm could be enhanced by more vigor and punch to suit the modern beginner, and by less sweetness and modesty, lest the casual reader be led to believe that the book is addressed only to a gathering of gentle elderly folk, and not to a virile young world.

War by Machines

PARIS, OR THE FUTURE OF WAR. By CAPTAIN B. H. LIDDELL HART. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1925. $1.

Reviewed by EDWARD P. WARNER
Massachusetts Institute of Technology

"MAN cannot make a machine," said the report of the President's Aircraft Board, "which is stronger than the spirit of man," and the same document, dipping further into prophecy: "The next war may begin in the air but, like the last one, it is likely to end in the mud." Captain Hart has no patience with such reactionary sentiments. Himself as wholly of the new school as Colonel Mitchell, he sees a future of war in which machines will be primary and the men that work them secondary and in which victory will be achieved not by attrition, but by overcoming the enemy's will to continuance, as the greatest of chess masters achieve their victories not by laborious capture of all the adversary's pawns, but by carefully schemed combinations leading directly to sudden checkmate.

Bonaparte and Clausewitz, on whom the author places the major share of the blame for the theory of victory by exhaustion of man power, are to disappear as military prophets, giving way to the chemist and the engineer. War of the future, says Captain Hart, belongs to the airplane, the submarine, the tank, and to gas, and especially to gas, which is to drive the individual from the surface of the earth, forcing him to rise above the deadly cloud in an airplane or to encase himself in a gas-proof tank and charge through it. He intimates that the British high command at least was converted to the new warfare while yet locked in the embrace of the old, for the book states among its other historical allusions that the idea of a swift penetration through the German lines and a blow in the rear by a fleet of light tanks running at high speed had been adopted as the basis of British strategy for the campaign of 1919. "This plan," says the author, "heralds the dawn of scientific military thought in its grasp of the truth that even the military objective is a moral one—the paralysis of the enemy's command and not the bodies of the actual soldiers," and he sees in the dawn of that idea a return to the principles of warfare as practiced by inspired military leaders long before Bonaparte, by Alexander at Arbela, and by Scipio Africanus against Hannibal.

Brief as it is, numbering scarcely eighty small pages, "Paris" gives an excellent presentation of the viewpoint of a modernist who has not been too enamoured of one specialty to see the field of military operations as a whole. Specialists will find flaws in particular points, as in the indication that civil aviation may be expected to provide great reserves for the armed forces, and there will be many who agree with the Morrow Board and feel that Captain Hart has treated the infantry and the battleship in too high-handed a manner, but even they will find the book interesting and provocative rather of thought than of resentment and bitterness. In that respect it stands in marked contrast to certain other pronouncements recently made on the same side of the same subject.

Human Behavior

WHY WE BEHAVE LIKE HUMAN BEINGS. By GEORGE A. DORSEY. New York: Harper & Bros. 1925. $3.

Reviewed by FREDERICK H. LUND
Barnard College

FOR the reading public this book provides an interesting array of information; but, because of the diversity of its treatment and the variety of topics brought under consideration, it is scarcely to be recommended for systematic study. Selecting some of the more striking facts from the fields of biology, physiology, and psychology, Dr. Dorsey attempts to account for man's probable origin, ascent, and present structural and functional traits. The staid formulæ of science are paraded to the rhythm of a vivacious man-in-the-street style. Organic chemistry, anthropology, endocrinology, and the theory of prepotent reflex mechanisms, all contribute to the composite picture of the human machine.

Thus, for those who have been looking for a book which brings together from the various sciences some of the essential facts relative to human origin and functional adaptation, this must be a welcome volume. To the reader who has neither the time nor the prerequisite information for the appreciation of scientific treatises, who wants to know in few and unequivocal statements what the human and biological sciences have to offer of immediate and practical interest, —in other words, the individual who wants (as most of us do) to have the world presented in a nut-shell—in statements simple and unqualified—this book must meet with hearty approval. Indeed, the author states that his aim is to present "a complete up-to-date story that can be held in one hand and read without a dictionary"—a comprehensive story of human life in all its ramifications.

Dorsey first informs us as to our ontogenetic development, the development and growth of the individual from a single germ cell. Next the phylogenetic development—the origin, growth, and differentiation of the species according to Darwinian and evolutionary concepts.

But these facts are less potent in arousing our interests today than a few generations ago when they formed the battling ground between the ecclesiasts and the scientists. Accordingly, the author does not lose too much time on them and advances to a more fascinating and absorbing subject which is commanding much more general interest at the present—the endocrine or ductless glands. In the physics and chemistry of these is to be found the final solution of the perplexities of growth, the nature of age and decay, and the mysteries of emotion, instinct, and sex.

With this background the more sober facts of nervous integration are brought to our attention to account for the coördinated activity by which the organism becomes a unit with harmonious adjustment of the various organs and capacities; and secondly, as a mechanism by which the internal conditions of the organism are brought into accord with the external environmental conditions through the intermediary of the senses and the musculature.

The remaining chapters discourse on the nature of acquired and native forms of behavior. They include a somewhat sketchy account of the reflexes, instincts, and habits, —the interrelation of these and the factors upon which modification and selection in learned modes of response depend. In his discussion on instincts he vacillates between Watsonian behaviorism and a mechanistic account on the one hand, and the purposivistic and vitalistic accounts of McDougall, Freud, and Bergson on the other.

Placid Lives

BENONI. By KNUT HAMSUN. Translated from the Norwegian by ARTHUR G. CHATER. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1925. $2.50.

Reviewed by LOUIS KRONENBERGER

READING "Benoni" it is difficult to imagine it an almost contemporaneous story, for its simplicity of life in a Norwegian settlement, and some particular quality of Knut Hamsun's (accentuated by the translator) give it a flavor of long ago. Some of it carries one back, by its touches, as far as the old Scandinavian sagas, and more of it as far as the sixteenth and seventeenth century. For one thing, we have in America no counterpart of the naïve existence of these carpenters and fishermen and farmers, and for another, "Benoni" seems pitched by intention in an elemental and unsophisticated key—not that which in "The Growth of the Soil" has its deep and rich earthy undertone, but one instead of placid lives never touched by great passions and sorrows, where life goes on without variety or expansion, and death is the comfort of longevity.

And so "Benoni" is just a book of quiet humors. There is nothing in the man who gives it his name to stir or excite us; he is a mild and unimaginative fisherman and mail-carrier whose one acute perception is that of the class he was born into. So aware is he of his rightful station in life that he is more prepared for failure than success. But he happens to be level-headed and lucky and he gets rich. He rises to very partnership with Mack of Sirilund, the great man of the district beyond whose greatness Benoni can see nothing further. Thus Hamsun's humor descending upon this fellow is of the homeliest and kindliest. In a world which makes Benoni Hartvigsen a great power with fifty thousand dollars, there is no place for satire or speculation. For another reason also this humor can have no edge: circumscribed Benoni's ideals and conceptions may be, but he is not a fool. His is the essence of good sense. One cannot laugh, but only smile at one who struts with moderation when he grows rich, and knows how to use his money and how to climb into a more cultured world with understanding as clear as it is limited.

* *

One fly blackens Benoni's ointment—he aspires unsuccessfully to the hand of Mack of Sirilund's god-daughter, who comes of gentlefolk and has more intelligence and refinement than himself. They get as far as engaged, but she throws him over for her perennial suitor Arentsen the lawyer, and even when her husband becomes a penniless drunkard, she will not accept him. One does not know the ultimate outcome because the present book has a sequel, "Rosa," which will no doubt shortly be translated.

"Benoni" is simpler and lighter than the other books of Hamsun with which I am familiar. It has neither color nor variety, and I think no one can find it more than a quiet story. But it is not ineffective; artless as it is, it holds one's attention by means of its loose yet continuous quality of narrative, which is never impeded by excursions into other fields. The sphere of the book is decidedly a simple one, but it has its contrasts even so, as between Benoni and the more worldly and cultivated Mack and Rosa and Arentsen. In the relations between these last two there is a certain cynical enlightenment which takes us into a world more familiar and real to our minds. Presumably the translator has been at pains to duplicate in English Hamsun's style and its evocations, but his work has an unhappy air of transliteration and is often stiffly out of date. One hopes that this want of charm in Mr. Chater's version indicates the presence of accuracy.

A recent gift of 200 prints to the New York Public Library from C. Davies Sherborn, son of Charles William Sherborn, who has been called "the father of the modern engraved bookplate" makes the number of this artist's engravings in the library's collection over 360.

Spain has instituted a new holiday, called "Dia del Libro," in honor of Cervantes, to be celebrated October 7, the anniversary of his birth. Special literary prizes will be awarded on that occasion, and it is intended that the holiday will be extended to all Spanish-speaking countries in America.

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Books of Special Interest

PhilosophicalComplexities

THE MIND AND ITS PLACE IN NATURE. By C. D. Broad. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1925.

Reviewed by Ralph Barton Perry
Harvard University

THE author of this book has come to the fore in recent years as the most prominent of the younger members of a group of English philosophers, destined, perhaps, to be known as the "Cambridge School." The patriarch of this school is Professor Samuel Alexander, and its other leaders are Mr. Bertrand Russell, Professor G. E. Moore, and Professor A. N. Whitehead (now of Harvard). The members of this school are distinguished by their interest in systematic philosophy, especially in metaphysics and theory of knowledge. They have personal opinions on these subjects, which they publish and support by argument; whereas their contemporaries at Oxford, so it is said, are addicted to the study of other peoples' opinions,—notably those of Plato, Aristotle, and Kant. As Cambridge men they also find themselves in near propinquity, not to classical philology, but to mathematics and natural science; whose problems and results they borrow, and whose methods they analyze and emulate.

The philosophical doctrines of this school all betray one dominating purpose, which is to overcome the "dualisms" of mind and body,—not by reducing the one to the other, but by bringing them into relations of homogeneity or continuity. In so doing, they find themselves, despite their scientific associations, in sympathy with great pre-Kantian speculative philosophers, such as Aristotle and Leibnitz,—who, it so happens, were also scientists. They discuss God as freely as they do elections and relativity.

There are three of these "dualisms" which have become a part of the stock in trade of modern philosophy: First, the dualism between purpose and mechanism; second, the dualism between the conscious will and the bodily organism which it occupies; third, the dualism between the perceiving mind and the external physical object which it knows. On the first of these issues Dr. Broad adopts the view which he calls "Emergent Vitalism," meaning that while the living organism is composed altogether of physico-chemical elements, and contains no peculiar *element* such as the "entelechy" of Driesch, it possesess a peculiar structure, so that its behavior could not be predicted from a complete knowledge of physico-chemical laws. As regards the relation of the conscious will to the bodily organism, the author adopts the older and the common-sense view of Interactionism as against Parallelism. The outcome as regards the third issue is less decisive. Perception itself contains objective "sensa" together with certain subjective states, the latter being excited by the former in such wise as to create a specific "external reference."

By an examination of the sensa and their correlations one may learn something about the physical object, its shape, size, position, microscopic parts, etc. But the physical object as such has to be postulated. If we did not assume it one should never find evidence of it. Thus perceptical knowledge of the physical world reduces in the end to what Mr. Santayana calls "animal faith."

Dr. Broad's discussion of mind is further notable for its almost entire omission of reference to thought, belief, judgment, and the other higher processes; and for its inclusion of the "supernormal" facts, which "the careful work of the Society for Psychical Research has elicited." He records his belief that the prejudice against these facts is due to a disposition on the part of scientists "to confuse the Author of Nature with the editor of *Nature*," and argues for the theory of mind that shall at least provide for such facts if there are any. As to what, in conclusion, mind *is*, the author formulates seventeen possible views, and having lingered hesitatingly over these, finally casts his vote in favor of a qualified form of "Emergent Materialism." According to this last surviving view, the world is material in its substance and composition, mind being a peculiar and irreducible quality attaching to certain material complexes.

The book is a curious mixture of idiom and technique, of casual opinion and laborious analysis. It is both sceptical and, except in moments of temperamental irritability, tolerant and indulgent. It mortifies the philosophic mind by an aggravation of difficulties, and consoles common-sense and traditional piety by affirming constructive beliefs. The author possesses ingenuity rather than originality. He has neither the speculative imagination of Professor Alexander or Professor Whitehead, nor the wit and innocence of Mr. Russell. He reminds one rather of Professor Moore in his inexhaustible capacity for multiplying distinctions. It takes a reader with a stout mind to follow him, as he threads his fox-like way through the jungle of philosophical complexities. The amateur reader who would like to know as briefly as possible what mind is, had best look elsewhere, or confine himself to the summaries which the author charitably supplies at the end of the chapter; for it is Dr. Broad's way to erect and overthrow at least a dozen very carefully elaborated false hypotheses for one that he allows to stand. But for the professional student who is bent on erecting a hypothesis of his own, this book provides both an extraordinary assemblage of philosophical designs and building materials, and a well-equipped gymnasium for the exercise of the philosophical muscles.

Exploding a Myth

COLERIDGE AT HIGHGATE. By Lucy Eleanor Watson. Longmans, Green. 1926. $3.75.

EVERYBODY who believes that a man is more the worse for having faced and attempted to conquer his vices, even when he happens to be a poet, will welcome Mrs. Watson's evidence concerning the later years of Coleridge's life. For a century now it has been supposed that he became and continued to be a drug-fiend even after the days when he placed himself in the care of Dr. Gillman, the author's grandfather, at Highgate. De Quincey, the prince of opium eaters, although an admirer of the poet, was chiefly responsible for the biographical legend which has persisted so steadily since Coleridge died. Coleridge, he said, had a strong and excellent constitution, which was undermined by the mere indulgence of a luxurious sensation and not to relieve pain. Mrs. Watson proves beyond doubt, supporting her case with overwhelming evidence including that of a post-mortem, that Coleridge suffered from his earliest years more agony than De Quincey ever was called upon to bear. It is stated even in the "Dictionary of National Biography" that the post-mortem revealed no cause of his long sufferings. The author, however, brings modern as well as contemporary medical evidence together to demonstrate the fact that Coleridge's pain during the greater part of his life cannot be doubted. Her accounts of his long residence under the care of Dr. Gillman are sufficiently well established to show that he gradually ceased taking those enormous potations of laudanum which have been attributed to him by De Quincey. They also help to reverse the old idea that laziness and inanition prevented him from writing during the latter years of his life. Dr. Green, the Professor of Anatomy at the Royal College of Surgeons, during Coleridge's lifetime, wrote that "if the public may regret that the fruits and results of his wonderful powers were less than might have been expected, they have more cause of *wonder* at the *works* which he *accomplished* under the *grievous impediments* from which he was a sufferer." It is pleasant to recall that the contemporary American scholar and admirer of the poet, Dr. G. L. Prentiss, helped to supply much of the evidence which has made it possible for Mrs. Watson to write this vindication. We could wish that there were more details of Coleridge's self and less of his ills. But the student of his life cannot afford to neglect this extremely vital chapter for the author has rendered an invaluable service to those who have never been able comfortably to reconcile the character and habits of one who was not only a great poet and the greatest of all critics but also the most brilliant talker of his age.

"Black Oxen," by Gertrude Atherton, in the German translation of A. Paul Maerker-Branden, is now appearing in serial form in the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, preparatory to a dramatic presentation late in Spring.

* *

As a guide to contemporary prose and poetry "Dichtung und Dichter der Zeit" (1925) by Albert Sörgel is indispensable. He organizes a tremendous mass of material deftly, but without pendantry, and blazes a trail well worth following.

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'He is the most bellicose Englishman that I have so far met. I had hopes that he might want to talk concerning peace plans, but he evidently wanted to impress me with the fact that this was no time to talk peace. His idea seemed to be that the best way to obtain permanent peace was to knock all the fight out of the Germans, and stamp on them for a while until they wanted peace and more of it than any other nation.

'He spoke kindly of the Germans as a whole, but for his dear cousin and his military *entourage,* he denounced them in good sailor-like terms. He is the most pugnacious monarch that is loose in these parts.'

LORD KITCHENER

'This is the first time I have met Kitchener, and he seemed to me to be forceful and able, though, perhaps without the spark of genius—unless, indeed, his great power of organization might be termed that. . . . Kitchener is not the greatest intellect with which I have come in touch, but he has a manner indicating great reserve force, and if I were going tiger hunting I would gladly have him for a companion.'

LORD GREY

'If every belligerent nation had a Sir Edward Grey at the head of its affairs, there would be no war; and if there were war, it would soon be ended upon lines broad enough to satisfy any except the prejudiced and selfish. . . .'

LLOYD GEORGE

'George . . . spoke again and again of "military red tape," which he declared he would cut as speedily as possible. He was full of energy and enthusiasm and I feel certain that something will soon happen in his department. He reminds me more of the virile, aggressive type of American politician than any member of the Cabinet. He has something dynamic within him which his colleagues have not and which is badly needed in this great hour. . . .'

LORD CURZON

'Curzon and I had considerable talk together when coffee was served, and I found him the worst jingo I have met. He wants to make peace in Berlin no matter how long it takes to get there. He is an able man, expressing himself forcefully and well. We got along agreeably, for he seemed to want to be as pleasant as possible. With that type I seldom or never argue, because our views are too far apart to ever harmonize.'

LORD BALFOUR

'March 4, 1915: [Conference between House and A. J. Balfour.] We got along famously together, I doing most of the talking, although at times he would become enthusiastic and would get up and stand by the fire and declaim to me just as earnestly as I had to him. I took a liking to him at once, and have a sincere desire that it should be reciprocated. I like the quality of his mind. It is not possible to allow one's wits to lag when one is in active discussion with him. In that respect, he reminds me somewhat of the President. I am inclined to rank him along with the President and Mr. Asquith in intellectuality, and this, to my mind, places him at the summit. . . .'

VON BETHMANN-HOLLWEG

"The Chancellor drank copiously of beer which was served to us from time to time. I contented myself with mineral water, matching him glass for glass. The beer did not apparently affect him, for his brain was as befuddled at the beginning as it was at the end. Into such hands are the destinies of the people placed.'

THE KAISER

'I found that the Kaiser had all the versatility of Roosevelt with something more of charm, something less of force. He has what to me is a disagreeable habit of bringing his face very close to one when he talks most earnestly. His English is clear and well chosen and though he talks vehemently, yet he is too much the gentleman to monopolize a conversation. . . .'

BERNSTORFF

'Bernstorff is the only Ambassador of the belligerent countries that seems to have any sense of proportion and who never criticizes this government in the slightest for anything that occurs. He takes what comes philosophically and tries to make a favorable impression if possible. The others seem at times to say what they can to irritate. . . . I think better of Bernstorff than most people who know him, and if he is not sincere, he is the most consummate actor I have ever met.'

WOODROW WILSON

'From that first meeting and up to today [1916], I have been in as close touch with Woodrow Wilson as with any man I have ever known. The first hour we spent together proved to each of us that there was a sound basis for a fast friendship. We found ourselves in such complete sympathy, in so many ways, that we soon learned to know what each was thinking without either having expressed himself.

'A few weeks after we met and after we had exchanged confidences which men usually do not exchange except after years of friendship, I asked him if he realized that we had only known one another for so short a time. He replied, "My dear friend, we have known one another always." And I think this is true.

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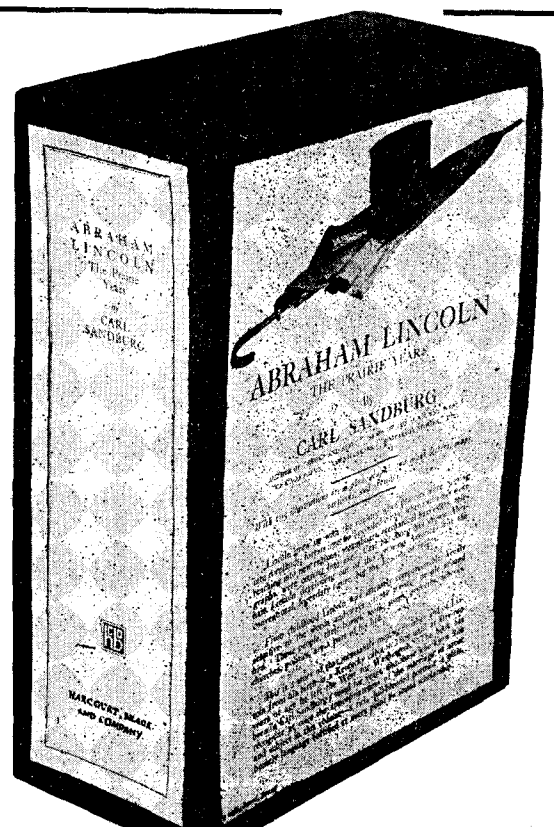

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DORAN BOOKS

A Letter from Canada

By William Arthur Deacon

FIFTY mentionable books of Canadian origin were published during the last six months. It speaks well for their popularity and lightens my task appreciably that "Glorious Apollo," "Emily Climbs"—in fact all the novels but three—have already been reviewed in American journals; though the resulting situation may lead some to think this article no more than a gathering of crumbs, and others that it is unfair as a summary of Canadian achievement in the period.

Before dismissing these previously reviewed books I should like to name Martha Ostenso's "Wild Geese" for the purpose of identifying it with Manitoba, because all geographical names have been carefully left out; and one faction in Canada resents the scene being called Minnesota in American reviews, and another, disgusted with the author's ignorance of actual farming conditions, is only too anxious to waive claim to the book. There is a strange parallel between this novel and Frederick Philip Grove's "Settlers of the Marsh." Both are first novels by natives of Norway who collected their material while teaching school in Manitoba, and both treat of the hardships of present-day pioneers. As distances go in Canada, the regions described are near each other. Grove's is the stronger thing, decidedly less pleasant too: his artistic integrity has been rewarded by the banning of his book in his own Province, which is a pity. And I suppose I should add that "Hare and Tortoise," the second novel by Pierre Coalfleet and in the writing as distinguished at his first, is also a true picture of the modern west, though of very different tone from these others since its characters are cultured people.

Of the remainder, "The Land of Afternoon," by an author hiding behind the name of "Gilbert Knox," is a brilliant satire upon life in Ottawa, the Dominion's capital, focussing upon the area where social and political activities overlap. The snobbery and petty intrigue of the drawing-room are shown to dovetail into the schemes of crafty politicians; and in the pitiless struggle for place the simple, honest Member for Pinto Plains and his wife have a hard time. The grafter and the social climber being types to be met in all seats of government, the novel can be thoroughly enjoyed by those knowing nothing of local conditions; though so clever is the character drawing that many fancy they recognize themselves in the story, and there have been attempts from high places to discredit author and book. This first rate row has advertised it into popularity; and a good story it is, with fine-edged humor, apart from the glamour of the Governor-General's receptions and similar functions in the high world that serve as backgrounds.

In "The Scarlet Sash" a new writer, John M. Elson, shows considerable promise. Though this romance of the War of 1812 in the Niagara district is somewhat conventional in plot, the author has been exceptionally careful with his history.

Arthur Heming, woodsman and painter, is to be distinguished from writers of animal stories like Roberts and Seton, since their interest is animal psychology, his the Indian and woods lore, the habits of animals and methods of capturing them. His sixteen paintings illustrating his third book, "The Living Forest," are the best he has done in his great work of leaving a record of the northern forests which are rapidly losing their wildness. Besides the invaluable data skilfully woven into the narrative, there is a plot about blood-thirsty mine robbers that endears the tale to all 'teen age boys.

"Around Home," a posthumous collection of Peter McArthur's essays with a few poems, has had an unprecedented success. While his methods and style are very different from David Grayson's, he has the same love for rustic life, and his witty, mellow observations from an Ontario farm are compounded of shrewd sense, a delightful turn of phrase, and a rare zest for life. After a wide journalistic experience in London and New York, he settled down on his birthplace in 1908 to enjoy himself; and thousands of readers have been enjoying life more through his racily expressed philosophic interpretations of it. Soberer, certainly more restrained, are the artistic sketches of French Canadian life in M. Victorin's "The Chopping Bee," beautifully translated by James Farres.

Hector Charlesworth's "Candid Chronicles" has been the surprise of the season. A large work of reminiscence, it became a best-seller at once owing partly to the name the author has made for himself as musical and dramatic editor of *Saturday Night*, the national weekly, and partly to his genial gift for happy anecdote. Confined for the most part to his experiences as a young reporter in Toronto between 1890 and 1900, the book nevertheless bristles with world-famous names, and it is amazing in how many momentous events he was present at the strategic moment. Mr. Charlesworth has traveled much in Toronto, and his book is freely ranked by impartial critics as one of the most readable collections of memoirs published in any English-speaking country for several years past.

The foremost biography of the period is Lorne Pierce's "A Book of Remembrance," a well written and beautifully printed tribute in the best of taste to the late Marjorie Pickthall, a weaver of exquisite lyrics, who died in 1922. Side by side with the memorial volume appeared "Little Songs," her sixth book and fourth volume of poetry, containing a number of the characteristically dainty compositions that have made her name widely known: in England the gracefulness of her poetry is much admired; and in Canada the commencement of the activities of the younger generation of poets is sometimes dated 1907, from the publication of Service's "Songs of a Sourdough," and sometimes 1913 from the issue of Miss Pickthall's "Drift of Pinions." The opening stanzas of the title poem of the last collection, "Little Songs," reveals her in the appealing minor key in which she excels, and to which she sticks pretty consistently:

When the little Grecian cities went a-warring
each with each,
From the olive on the headland to the
plume-grass on the beach,
They set their gates in order and they
raised their seaward towers
To songs as brief as morning and as strange
as ocean flowers.

On many a lost endeavor, on many a far
retreat,—
White cattle in the oak-wood, white villa
in the wheat,—
Between the harsh northeaster and the lonely
British foam,
The Legions sang of summer on the little
roofs of Rome.

It has been a fruitful season for Canadian poetry. The veterans Bliss Carman and Charles G. D. Roberts each put out a volume, "Far Horizons" and "Sweet o' the Year." John Crichton, a rich verbal colorist, issued "Pillar of Smoke," his third collection, while Lyon Sharman is responsible for an innovation in "The Sea Wall," which is an engaging series of interpretations of Chinese life and traditions, not translations as one might believe some of the ballads to be. The one anthology of the year is Edward S. Carswell's "Canadian Singers and Their Songs;" and as I am often asked in letters from the United States to name the chief Canadian anthologies, it might be well to describe this unique product. It is an illustrated biographical dictionary, or a pocket museum with printed comment, as much as or even more than a book of favorite songs.

There has just come to hand Paul Kane's "Wanderings of an Artist," edited by Lawrence J. Burpee, which should be of interest to American librarians because, despite its being "No. 7," it is the first to appear of the twenty-five volume "Master Works of Canadian Authors," issued by the Radisson Society under the general editorship of John W. Garvin, whose reputation was made by "Canadian Poets," the fullest and best anthology of Canadian poetry, which has retained its popularity over a period of ten years. From the Paul Kane it is seen that printing and binding are specially attractive, even luxurious, and the prospectus promises that the set, which is the only thing of its kind, will be reasonably comprehensive, and very ably edited. The volumes have been chosen with care, but everyone regrets that in a few cases copyright prevented the inclusion of titles that from a literary and historical viewpoint belong in this company.

Among books for children, to which Canadian authors contribute something of interest annually, the outstanding publications are two collections of verse—"Flight Commander Stork," by Marian Osborne, illustrated in color by Elizabeth Kerr, and "Pattering Feet," by Arthur S. Bourinot, illustrated with drawings by Alan Beddoe.

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Foreign Literature

More Proust

ALBERTINE DISPARUE. By MARCEL PROUST. Paris: Éditions de la Nouvelle Revue Française. 2 vols. 1925.
MARCEL PROUST. By LÉON PIERRE-QUINT. Paris: Éditions Simon Kra. 1925

Reviewed by THEODORE PURDY, JR.

THE posthumous glory of Marcel Proust lends a special importance to the twelfth and thirteenth volumes of his life work, "A la Recherche du Temps Perdu," which have recently been published in Paris, more than three years after his death. In spite of its already imposing bulk, his super-novel is not yet complete and several of the author's precious note books remain to see the light next year as the concluding part under the title "Le Temps Retrouvé." Nor does Mr. Scott-Moncrieff's English translation keep pace with the French publishers, for but six volumes have appeared thus far. Viewing the succeeding and untranslated portions of the great Frenchman's analytical masterpiece, one wonders in what state or under what conditions they will be issued here. Heavy expurgation or reasonably private printing seems to be inevitable. One hopes for the latter since so much of the best in the book as a whole is grouped about characters and subjects generally passed over or entirely tabooed. In any case, thanks to the importers of foreign editions, the original version is even now available in America, together with M. Pierre-Quint's painstaking and yet entertaining study of the author's life and work. The portrait of Proust working in his hermetic chamber, struggling with time and his health to complete his book before death overcame him, is touching and admirably written, and cannot fail to interest any amateur of Proust. The appearance of this, the first biography of the author, doubtless indicates the rise of the inevitable cult, but has any modern writer been more worthy of one?

The first of the new volumes is simple in plan, devoted to a single great experience —loss. For Albertine, having left Proust's nameless autobiographical hero at the end of the preceding "La Prisonnière," is killed soon after in a riding accident. The lover's reactions when she leaves him, his attempt to force her to return, his realization of her death, and the curious effect of the discovery after her death that her long suspected Lesbian past has a deep foundation in truth,—these things are intricately studied with the same indescribable devotion to detail, the same finely wrought prose, the same difficult attempt to convey the last nuance of an emotion to the reader, that characterized Proust's earlier work. The resulting final loss of Albertine, in all truth vanished now for good, since no trace of love for her remains, concludes the first part. It may be definitely said that no single crisis of any sort is more fully treated in "A la Recherche du Temps Perdu." It is difficult to think that even the author, with his mania for revision, could have added or changed much here. On the other hand, the second volume is filled with odds and ends, and shows in its abrupt transitions and incomplete analyses that Proust had not yet polished and finished it, and reduced its texture to the unbelievably subtle level that satisfied him. It resembles the social study of the Guermantes *milieu* more closely than anything that has gone before, being devoted to the marriage of Gilberte Swann and Robert de St. Loup, who will be remembered as the first love and the best friend of Marcel in the days before he met Albertine at Balbec. A trip to Venice, out of which a surprising amount of unhackneyed descriptive prose results, and some comment on the change in St. Loup's character occupy the attention of the indefatigable writer, too, but the best thing in this part of "Albertine Disparue" is the brief account of Proust's feelings when he receives a telegram apparently indicating that his former love is not dead after all, but alive and anxious to marry him. It is then that the complete force of the transiency of his feelings becomes clear. Many of the characters in the first portions of the book appear here in changed circumstances, and a fascination not wholly easy to understand results for anyone who has overcome the initial difficulties of style and the complexity of Proust's method, which makes the lorgnon of Oriane de Guermantes more important—and justly so—than a European war, and has persevered to this thirteenth instalment of his chronicle, not wholly fortunate if taken alone.

As a whole one seems little nearer the recovery of time promised by the title of the final section of the work, since a sort of aimlessness has descended on the hero following the disappearance of Albertine. There are a great many loose ends to be brought together. But Proust, the great Proust, psychologist of snobbery and of love, is continually present in everything he has written, revised or unrevised. One can only be thankful for his qualities, for his fine mind and a sensibility surely unequalled by any modern author, for his creative fecundity and above all for the untiring sacrifice of his life that he made to bring this work to a conclusion, however exhausting and unlikely to be rewarded by any measure of public esteem it might be. Yet more, admiration for the man who could conceive such a book is inspired by the latest volumes, and it becomes increasingly evident that this writer, who once seemed in such danger of falling into a limited preciosity, without significance in modern letters, really founded his work on elements more practical than those of the rule book psychologists and more lasting than those of the worldly wise. By combining the methods of the one with his own experience in the field of the other, he has achieved a lasting study of human relationships. Seriousness, tenacity of purpose and scope set it apart not only from French but from most contemporary literature.

Huguenot Annals

LES RÉFUGIÉS HUGUENOTS EN AMÉRIQUE. By GILBERT CHINARD. Paris: Société d'Édition "Les Belles Lettres." 1925.

In this volume Professor Chinard presents an interestingly written survey of the Huguenot migration to the English colonies in America, and of the important share these French Protestants have had in the early development of this country. The study is based on much original research and is fully annotated. It shows the nature of the first tentative attempts made by the Huguenots to colonize the New World, and later how this trickle of immigration became a rushing stream after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. It traces the presence of these French refugees among the Puritans and the Dutch; their establishment in New England, in New York, and in the South, especially in such towns as New Oxford, Frenchtown, New Rochelle, and New Paltz. Of especial interest are the vivid sketches of the more prominent French ministers, and such well-known men as Bondet, Daillé, Lemercier, Rochelle, and the Bernon and Faneuil families.

It must be remembered that while France today is synonymous in our minds with St. Jeanne d'Arc and Lafayette, in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth centuries it stood for Louis XIV and the Massacre of St. Bartholomew in the minds of the American settlers. When the French Protestants began to migrate to the English colonies to a noticeable degree, they were regarded with much suspicion. Though Protestants and in flight from Catholic persecution, they were also Frenchmen and subjects of the king then feared as the greatest menace to the Protestant faith. In this volume Professor Chinard shows how these Huguenot immigrants in the end not only gained the confidence and friendship of their English brethren but also helped them materially in gaining their independence from England—having had much to do with the sending of French troops and supplies by the grandson of Louis XIV. The Huguenots contributed a good deal also to our culture, and among their descendants may be mentioned Alexander Hamilton, John Jay, Henry Laurens, Elias Bouditot, Bowdoin, Philip Freneau, Whittier, and Longfellow.

This compact study becomes a vital contribution to early American history as much as to the history of the Huguenots in America. It is prefixed by an interesting introduction on "The American Mirage," and appendixed by a good Bibliography.

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Points of View

Heaving a Brick

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

I never yet came within range of one of those condescending critics without wanting to heave half a brick at him; and I know that I'm not the only writer who feels that way: when to a grand condescension they add insincerity I feel like making it a full sized brick. Some Anonymous Critic has been having a shot at my "Steel Decks" in a late issue of yours. It's a safe barrier—shooting from cover. Do I rate a shot in the open at him?

This A. C. pretends to outline the plot of the story. Assuming this plot, or any other plot, to be the silliest ever, since when has the plot of a story been the whole works? Is it the plot outline or how we fill it in that counts? Does the bully skipper live and breathe? Is the roughneck mate a real seagoer? Do the deckhands, cook, and oilers act like real human beings on an oilship out to sea? Did the ship act as a ship should act in a storm? Aren't these the things to inform the reader about? If our A. C. honestly thinks he should expend so much of his space in outlining the plot, why does he so carefully avoid mention of the main theme, which is: Should a man, because he has managed to get himself a ship-master's ticket, be allowed to hold unlimited authority over a crew of men at sea? Also, why does it happen that our A. C., reviewing for a magazine which circulates so largely among writing folk, carefully avoids mention—he mentions lesser items—of the hero's arraignment of Immature Book Critics?

Our A. C. writes . . . "This might make curious reading in the office of a regular tank steamer concern." I'm not sure that I have him right—his style runs to innuendo and insinuation rather than straightforward statement—but he must mean that the office force of a shipping concern would smile with him at the absurdity of the story. I don't know what our friend knows about shipping offices, but in the years when I paid small attention to time clocks I put in many a fine day loafing in such offices. One of them operated a line of oil ships. It may interest our A. C. to know that "Steel Decks" was born in the aforesaid oil ship office; and long before the story saw book form it was read by shore and seagoing employees of that office. I have to report that their reactions to the story have not discouraged me.

Our A. C. may mean by the phrase quoted above that collusion for grafting purposes between a ship captain and a company official ashore is a preposterous notion. Well, I once took a cruise with an oil ship skipper who was later reported for grafting. I reported him. The office investigated and fired him.

Speaking of absurd rascality plots, I wonder what our critical friend would say to the plot of one steamship concern hiring men to set fire at sea to the cargo of a rival passenger steamer. No, this is not out of the movies. It is open talk right now in shipping circles along the Atlantic Coast; and a hint of it has been printed in the daily press. When? Within three months. There's one to smile off.

It irks our A. C. that seventeen pages are given over to a fist fight. What an awful waste! Mr. Shaw writes a full sized play around a prize fighter, and Mr. Doyle a full length novel about a prize ring hero, and nobody in the writing world that I know has condemned their choice of themes or the space given to them, but my allowance of seventeen pages for a battle which is to have a vital bearing on the hero's fortunes is too much—much too much. Our A. C. objects to the hero talking while he is punching his man. Now what are you going to do with that kind of a writing creature? Did this man never sit near a ring side in his life? Did he never know a fighter of the "kidding" type? Or one who uses his brains as well as his fists?

There is also the meticulous notation of the ridiculous idea that the villain weighs seventy pounds more than the hero and yet is beaten up. Has this particularly damn fool person any knowledge at all of fighting men? The old Jack Dempsey—a light middle weight, Joe Walcott, a welter weight, Charlie Mitchell (a light heavy weight), all defeated men who outweighed them by more than seventy pounds. Mitchell once defeated a man who outweighed him by ninety-five pounds; and these defeated men were thought good enough to get backing for professional ring work. The present Jack Dempsey, weighing 190, knocked the livers and lights out of Willard, weighing 245; and Willard at that time was the world's champion. What is there so foolish about my claiming that the hero of a story can out-punch a fat slob who is seventy pounds heavier than himself?

What I chiefly hold against your critic is that he is not sincere . . . "Now for a word of comment in all fairness to the author . . ." Now may I be argued into admitting the vigor and originality of that phrase, but never the sincerity of it. "In all fairness . . . and speaking frankly . . ." If there were any way to prove it, I would bet a quart of Baccardi rum, which is getting to be a scarce article of commerce on this bleak New England Coast, that when those archæologists now digging in Assyria get acquainted with the idioms they will find these same canting phrases baked deep in on the old cuneiform tablets.

Having expended four-fifths of his space in depreciating the story in every way he can, our A. C. proceeds to expend the last fifth in advising the poor boob of an author what he should do in the future. I should . . . stick to my "fishermen, sloping decks and humming gear . . ." whatever humming gear is on a fisherman! Fishermen speak of fishing gear, meaning with the hooks and lines they lay along the bottom of the ocean: and sometimes they speak of reefing tackle as reefing gear; but hooks and lines and reefing tackle do not hum. Back stays hum, fore stays hum, ratlines hum,—there is a humming throughout the whole rigging sometimes in a hard breeze; but lines laid along the bottom of the ocean and reefing gear howsed down to a fore or main boom do not hum in the wind. The wind can't get at 'em, if my A. C. gets what I mean.

Stick to my fishermen! Why stick to any one thing if a man knows something about something else? Having spent at least a month aboard steamers to every week I have put in on sailing craft, why not allow me to pen a few pages about the steamer folk? As the best two (or perhaps three) stories I ever wrote had nothing to do with fishermen, why stick exclusively to my fishermen?

Our A. C. is eager to give advice. I wonder will he take a little? Why not, in reviewing a book stick to a review of the book, and allow the writer of a book to say a word about a life that he may know as much about as any A. C.?

JAMES B. CONNOLLY.

Hardy and the Nobel Prize

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

If I read the news correctly, the Nobel prize for literature was not awarded this year. I propose with your coöperation to enlist the interest of authors and of all other people who care for literature in a movement to urge upon the Board of Directors of the Nobel Foundation the fitness of awarding the prize for literature to the greatest living man of letters, Thomas Hardy. I tried two years ago to get the international P. E. N. Club to take some action to this end, but nothing came of my suggestion, and Mr. Galsworthy, the head of the English center, did not receive the idea with much enthusiasm. I wonder if writers in England and America, and in other countries too, would not find it a pleasant and dignified expression of respect, certainly not an impertinence, to recommend to the Swedish Committee that they increase the distinction of the honorable list of names of men of letters by adding that of Thomas Hardy. Nobody will object to the award of the prize to any worthy writer. But it seems a pity to omit the award altogether when such a genius as Hardy is still upon the earth. I felt this even more strongly in 1914 when there was no award (probably on account of the war), for then Joseph Conrad was alive, a supreme artist and one, moreover, with a unique claim to international recognition. Mr. Hardy is eighty-five years old and in the course of things is not long for this sad world, and he probably is far beyond any interest in the bauble prizes of life. The prize would add no honor to him, but his name would add lustre to the already brilliant list of twenty-four names. Will you open your correspondence columns to communications on this subject and see what response we get?

JOHN MACY.

Hastings-on-Hudson.

"Mary Wollstonecraft"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

For going on four years I have been engaged in collecting and putting together the material for a book now nearing a London press. It is provisionally entitled: "Memoirs of Mary Wollstonecraft." Written by William Godwin and edited with a supplement chronologically arranged and containing hitherto unpublished or uncollected material and a bibliography of Mary's books by W. Clark Durant.

The first source to which I turned was of course *Notes and Queries*. In the seventies a gentleman residing in Hull informed its readers that in an unlikely book may be found, as examples of improvement in English composition, eleven letters written by my heroine from Beverley, Hull, and Bath, at an early and entirely undocumented period in her life.

The book is entitled: "English Exercises." By Jane Gardiner. Adapted to the "Young Ladies' Grammar" lately published by the same author. York. 1801.

I have searched by correspondence with libraries of any importance all over the United States and Great Britain. The closest I reached was at the British Museum where one may consult Jane's "Young Ladies' Grammar" (1799).

It only occurred to me recently that the field would be greatly extended were this appeal made to a multitude of individuals, any of whom might be a possible owner. So I shall state in closing that should any reader have a copy or cognizance of one's whereabouts he will earn my undying gratitude by communicating that priceless fact to the undersigned.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE LADDER. Cartoons by CAMILLUS KESSLER. Lippincott. 1926. $10.

Future presidents, senators, congressmen, police commissioners, hotel men, circus men, newspaper men, authors, bank presidents, governors, heads of big corporations, and so on have all filed before the mind's eye of an accomplished newspaper cartoonist as they might have lived, moved, and had their being in "the good old boyhood days."

Mr. Kessler's series of snapshots at the youth of these men in the public eye, each snap founded upon an actual incident at the start of a career, achieved popularity both with the subjects portrayed and with the general reader, upon its appearance in the daily press. While Mr. Kessler's draughtsmanship cannot be said to possess high distinction, it is adequate to his conception. The book is both entertaining and informative.

THE LURE OF THE LONDON GALLERIES. By *Arthur Milton*. McBride. $2 net.

THE ART OF WATER COLOUR PAINTING. By *E. Barnard Lintott*. Scribners.

OLD MASTERS AND MODERN ART. By *Sir Charles Holmes*. Harcourt, Brace. $7.50.

Belles Lettres

OTHELLO IN FRENCH. By MARGARET GILMAN. Paris: Librairie Ancienne Honoré Champion. 1925.

This is an exhaustive study of French translations and adaptations of "Othello," from the first version in 1745 by La Place down to the present day. The author discovers an interesting double cycle of prose translations followed by verse, first for the reading public, then for the stage, which is contrary to the usual English habit in translating foreign classics, where verse almost always precedes. It is not surprising that in the case of "Othello" the prose versions are superior. Nor is it surprising to those who know the French that, although they have long learned to accept Shakespeare's works as literature, they still balk at seeing his plays, "Othello" especially, on the actual stage.

THE ADVENTURE OF OLD AGE. By FRANCIS BARDWELL. Houghton Mifflin. 1926. $2.

One does not have to be upwards of three score and ten to appreciate the sketches drawn together under this paradoxical title. So universal are the author's sympathies and so true his perspective that youth and age both seem to be a part of the same adventure. Young readers should be sure to dip into these pages before they give the book to Grandfather or Great Aunt Sarah.

Mr. Bardwell is an official in the Public Welfare Department of the State of Massachusetts, and in an extended introduction discusses old age as a sociological problem. The body of the book, however, is composed of a series of very human essays and character sketches which have grown out of many years' acquaintance with the aged persons in the almshouses of the State, from Cape Cod to the Berkshires. Dr. Richard Cabot describes Mr. Bardwell as a "cheery, alert gentleman-of-the-old-school with a genius for sympathy and good-humor," and these qualities have found their way in generous measure into his writing. The author's New England background strongly characterizes his work, and the book could have emanated from no other environment than that of the Bay State. It is significant in that it is the outgrowth of emotional interest as well as scientific field-work.

LETTERS TO KATIE. By SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES. Macmillan. 1925.

"If a marriage could have been arranged between Brother Francis of Assisi and Monna Lisa, or if Puck had eloped with St. Elizabeth of Hungary, their offspring might conceivably have been very like Burne-Jones." So says Mr. Robinson in his introduction to this altogether charming little volume. The letters and sketches accompanying them to Katie Lewis, the little daughter of one of his best friends, justify Mr. Robinson's suggestion. To review the letterpress in cold detail would be to break a butterfly of fancy on a wheel of cold reason. They are wholly delightful and the casual but masterly sketches reproduced throughout deserves more serious attention than they are likely to get. The book gives us a brief and intimate glimpse of those nurseries of the 'eighties wherein Swinburne found some of his warmest inspirations. No review, only the book itself, can do justice to the artist's pen. Sketches and letters alike reveal an aspect of his genius and character which, in Francis Thomson's phrase, have surely won him a place in "the nurseries of heaven."

THINGS SEEN AND HEARD. By EDGAR J. GOODSPEED. University of Chicago Press. 1925. $2.

Here are fourteen little essays of an informal sort, keenly personal and charming. Part of their charm lies in their irrepressible light-heartedness, which is too consistently sustained to be a pose, and is certainly not due to ignorance of How Dreadful Modern Life Is. Moralists who sit on their haunches and bay at iniquity which they have treed but cannot reach will be annoyed by Mr. Goodspeed's chuckles. He chuckles at the swindler who fleeced him, and at himself for having been fleeced. Good humor is a bit rare in American writing—not because good humored people are rare, but because they are either lazy or excessively busy, and so cannot write.

Good informal prose, colorful and picturesque, is also rare, and in this lies the second element of charm in Mr. Goodspeed's little book. Liquid, mellifluous prose, dignified, sonorous prose, these we might expect of him; for his publishers describe him —and we have verified the fact—as a "distinguished Greek scholar and translator of the New Testament." Many people will be frightened by this, for the study of Greek is popularly thought to make a man balanced, immobile, austere, like an Athenian frieze. But it doesn't, any more than Egyptology makes a man front you in profile, with pointed elbows crooked and fingers stiffly extended.

THE MIRVELLEUX IN THE EPIC. By *Ralph Copplestone Williams*. Paris: Champion.

THE GREEK POINT OF VIEW. By *Maurice Hutton*. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

PRIMITIVE CULTURE IN GREECE. By *H. J. Rose*. Doran. $2.50 net.

CHILDHOOD IN ENGLISH NON-DRAMATIC LITERATURE. By *F. Lamar Janney*. Greifswald, Abel.

THE CRITICAL OPINIONS OF SAMUEL JOHNSON. Edited by *Joseph Epes Brown*. Princeton University Press. $7.50 net.

THE GENIUS OF BERNARD SHAW. By *Patrick Braybrooke*. Lippincott.

Biography

A PORTRAIT GALLERY OF AMERICAN EDITORS. By DORIS ULMANN. New York: William Edwin Rudge. 1926. $35.

This superbly printed book is in effect a "Who's Who" of the contemporary editors of American magazines, illustrated by portrait photographs in which the skilful art of Mrs. Ulmann has made the camera do what used to be accomplished only by brush or pencil. Each editor has written a comment upon the profession of editing, and upon his own ideals and practices, and these brief essays accompany the pictures. As a contemporary record of portraits and purposes this book has a definite historical value not always to be found in editions de luxe. Forty-three editors are included.

THE LETTERS OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH. Edited by *Lady Raleigh*. Macmillan. 2 vols. $7 per set.

JEFFERSON AND HAMILTON. By *Claude G. Bowers*. Houghton Mifflin. $5.

THE MIND OF JESUS. By *Louis Howland*. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.50.

MY CHINESE MARRIAGE. By *M. I. F.* Duffield. $1.75.

DISRAELI AND GLADSTONE. By *D. C. Somervell*. Doran. $3.50 net.

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THE LETTERS OF BRET HARTE. Edited by *Geoffrey Bret Harte*. Houghton Mifflin. $5.

THE CORRESPONDENCE OF JOHN CLEVES SYMMES. Macmillan. $2.50.

A NATURALIST OF SOULS. By *Gamaliel Bradford*. Houghton Mifflin. $3.50.

SIR THOMAS MORE. By *G. R. Potter*. Small, Maynard. $1.75 net.

SIR THOMAS GRESHAM. By *F. R. Salter*. Small, Maynard. $1.75 net.

Business

MARKETING OF AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS. By *James E. Boyle*. McGraw-Hill. $3 net.

BUSINESS AND INVESTMENT FORECASTING. By *Ray Vance*. Harpers. $2.50.

(*Continued on next page*)

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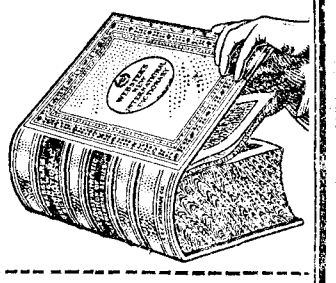

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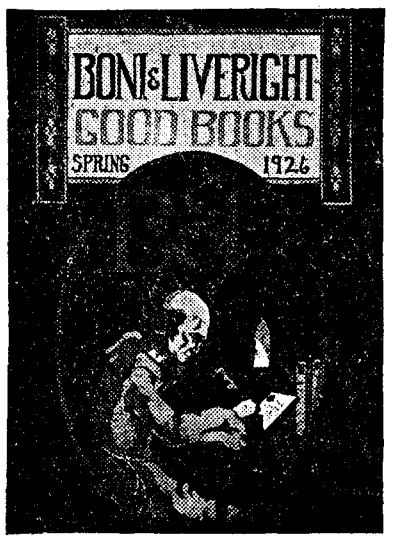

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The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Drama

FOR LOVE OF THE KING. By OSCAR WILDE. Putnam. 1926.

This is a new edition of an interesting, if slight, "Burmese Masque" which Wilde probably wrote in 1894. It is now published in the United States for the first time, though Methuen first issued it in London in 1922, in a limited edition, and brought it out again in 1923 in a foolscap 8vo. The little play was written for one Mabel Cosgrove, who had been brought up with Oscar and Willie Wilde. She was, at the time, Mrs. Chan Toon, having married a Burmese gentleman of that name. The play was long her private possession, and she refused the late Robert Ross permission to include it in an edition of Wilde's works.

This revived piece, more an outline for a play than a play itself, displays Wilde's characteristically sensuous love of color and splendor. In a letter to the recipient he calls it a fairy-tale, and certainly it is more that than anything else. It is like an elaborate design in many-colored silks. A lady is changed into a peacock. It is a fantasy impossible of performance on any stage, as tenuous as a bubble, and with a bubble's iridescence.

THE BUTTER AND EGG MAN. By *George S. Kaufman*. Boni & Liveright. $2.

WE MODERNS. By *Israel Langwill*. Macmillan.

EASY VIRTUE. By *Noel Coward*. Harpers. $2.

THE DEATH OF SOCRATES. By *Laurence Housman*. Small, Maynard.

Economics

INCENTIVES IN THE NEW INDUSTRIAL ORDER. By *J. A .Hobson*. Seltzer. $1.75.

THE RISE OF MODERN INDUSTRY. By J. L. *Hammond* and *Barbara Hammond*. Harcourt, Brace. $2.75.

THE INDUSTRIAL EXECUTIVE. By *B. A. Franklin*. Ronald Press.

Education

MENTAL TRAINING FOR THE PRE-SCHOOL AGE CHILD. By *Lillian J. Martin* and *Clare de Gruchy*. Hans Wagner Publishing Co., 149 New Montgomery Stret, San Francisco, Calif.

Fiction

CLAIRE LENOIR. By Villiers de L'ISLE-ADAM. Translated by ARTHUR SYMONS. A. & C. Boni. 1926. $2.

De L'Isle-Adam in his most difficult and cynical mood is not easy to follow even in translation, and that by the most famous of modern translators from the French. "Claire Lenoir," superficially a novel, is a kind of glorified "Great God Pan," although its dimensions considerably exceed Mr. Machen's highest imaginations. More importantly it is a philosophic, cynical satire of the highest order, a book written by the highbrow of all highbrows for the highbrow, if, for once, the term may be pardonably employed. The chief weakness of the book lies in its discursiveness. The impressions are so swift and varied that only the highly adjusted imaginations of a *savant* is capable of following the parry and thrust of the prose which is largely in monologue and dialogue. An impatient reader is apt to set the book aside as little more than an intellectual fuss about nothing. Its play of ideas is so essentially Gallic that subtleties tend to appear as obscurities, ironic allusions as scholarly or intellectual ostentation. "Claire Lenoir" is indeed one of those books of which it can be meaningly said, "for those who like this kind of book this is the kind of book they will like."

THE LOVE LETTERS OF ST. JOHN. Edited by BOLTON HALL. Frank-Maurice. 1926. $1.50.

These letters purport to come from an old priest of Tuscany who had them in his possession for long but hesitated to give them to the world, fearing the time was not yet ripe. The series consists of forty-five love letters between St. John the Apostle and Antione, an Athenian hetaira. The editor disclaims any knowledge of the real authorship of the manuscript,—"it may be that the letters were written by some unknown hand, or under the influence of some teacher long forgotten. What does it matter? They voice our common need, the Spirit's fruit of human love." From behind the extremely thin disguise of this Foreword, the letters appear as the work of Bolton Hall. No effort has been made to achieve an historical background, and the philosophy of John is limited to the exposition of "the perfect love that casteth out fear." Antione fails to live up to the intellectual level claimed for her class in the notes, showing nowhere any evidence of acquaintance with the Greek thought of her times. The letters remain true to one theme throughout—love—with John trying constantly to broaden the concept and with Antione inevitably bringing it back to the personal. Although we have no word from Antione to that effect, John was satisfied, after her death, that she had become one with him in his faith since she died for her friends: "For greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for those who are only his friends."

DOODLE: A California Boy. By M. FRANCIS REID. Dodd, Mead. 1926. $2.

As a sequence of closely related episodes in the life of the eternal boy, from his seventh to his fourteenth year, Mr. Reid's book should prove equally enjoyable to both adult and juvenile readers. But for its best appreciation, one should do wisely to peruse the volume a few chapters at a time and not down the whole thirty-nine of them at one sitting. Doodle is the true-to-reality, average "kid," if we have ever met him in fiction, and his charm seems to lie largely in the complete naturalness and consistency with which he responds to the universal experiences of his age. There is nothing of the child hero, the "sissy," or the precocious "grind" about Doodle—he is bent too whole-heartedly upon being a "he-boy," and in following that worthy ambition he is successful beyond criticism.

GIFTS OF SHEBA. By W. L. GEORGE. Putnams. 1926. $2.

The death of W. L. George simultaneously with the publication of his last novel crystallizes the fact that his later period was his poorer, and that nothing written subsequent to "A Bed of Roses" even approximates its merit. A commercial exploitation of his "understanding" of women lost George most of his power and vitality as a novelist, and left him little in subject-matter except argument and theory, and little in style except observation and epigram. His final novel is unfortunately one of his least satisfactory; it constitutes the literary manœuvering of a thesis. It seems rather strange that his best novel, which carries a frank moral thesis, should have vivid characterization and engrossing plot where "Gifts of Sheba," which carries simply a sexual thesis, should have stodgy characterization and mechanical plot; but there is not an intensely real person in the present novel and there is not an intensely real moment.

Mr. George's comprehension of women has become largely aphoristic. Aphorisms express generalities, and George the student of feminism has increased his knowledge of the species at the cost of what knowledge George the novelist has lost of the individual. Isabel Eden in "Gifts of Sheba" is the instrument of a theory; she is any woman with modern ideas. Her creator did not set out to determine her personal significance or fate; his explicit problem was to find out with whom, as a typical modern woman of strong will and principles, she could be mated. Her first husband is equally strong-willed; neither can dominate the other and they get divorced. Her second husband is egregiously weak-willed; she dominates him too easily, and the situation is just as bad. Her third husband, the cynic who mouths the author's epigrams, is implied to be the proper mate: he alone can live with a modern woman because he is one of those "who don't care a damn for them."

The whole progress of the novel is toward this conclusion; the whole significance of the novel lies in the significance of this conclusion; there is nothing else to nourish the reader. The book is an argument, thinly clothed and thinly humanized, aired as fiction. It has, to be sure, some fairly readable incident, some fairly clever conversation; it proves that Mr. George could present the opposite sex with greater clarity than he could his own, if sexes rather than personalities in fiction have any meaning, if to make clear an ideational concept has any fictional value. But a good novel "Gifts of Sheba" is not. Whether George is right in his choice of a proper husband for the modern woman, or whether he is wrong, in any case he is culpable for his failure to bring to the novel the qualities of humanity, emotion, and interest which are its pre-eminent merits and its preëminent demands. Only then, as "A Bed of Roses" proves, can thesis in fiction attain to legitimacy; only then can it be said to have point.

HEARTS OF HICKORY. By JOHN TROTWOOD MOORE. Nashville, Tenn.: Cokesbury Press. 1926. $2.

Romance pitched to the stirring exploits of Andrew Jackson and David Crockett in the War of 1812 is the aim of this Tennessee story, half fiction, half historical, with a generous interlarding of renegade trappers, Creek Indians, and plotting Spaniards more than sufficient to delight the imagination of a home-bred boy in his 'teens. It is hardly an adult's book—but, frankly, the reviewer sat up with it all night to find its thrilling moments consistently handled with uncommon deftness and power. Adventures we are told here, and we watch them; crises develop, we feel them.

Crockett's scouts are home from the Creek war. In their midst, but an outcast among them, is Phillippe Trevellian, of noble French blood, shunned, however, for his questioned legitimacy. Jackson's friendship for the boy, the lad's love for Tripping Toe, the niece of Crockett, his perils and capture by De Chartres, the imposter duke, his adoption by the Creeks, and his final triumph and vindication at the battle of New Orleans, form the *pièce de résistance* of the story.

Our quarrel with the author is that he has tried to do too much, rather than enough; and it follows that the elements of the book remain inchoate and at times confused in historical detail, with the result that the principals and the background alternate in an unforgivable manner. All said, however, the higher lights of the romance are played upon with uncommon skill.

THE BATTLE TO THE WEAK. By HILDA VAUGHAN. New York: Harpers. 1926.

"The Battle to the Weak" reintroduces the Montague-Capulet theme but with the families considerably reduced in fortune. The young couple of Hilda Vaughan's novel, whose love falls under the blight of a bitter family feud, are members of the simple Welsh peasant class, and for many readers the chief charm of the book will lie in the description of the daily life of these people. There is no lack of diversity of character, for the author has gone as unflinchingly into the portrayal of the bestial, drunken father, the originator of the feud, as she has into that of the young heroine who becomes his victim. Despite the physical suffering and spiritual poverty of the group, there is a vibrant quality, a grim courage in the face of all odds, that gives life to the novel and saves it from the dark twins of realism, the morbid and the sordid. Megan, a little "come-by-chanst" herself and the mother of "come-by-chansts," is one of the most interesting and completely realized of the characters in the book. One may, and in fact does, suspect the writer of playing havoc with events, but she never infringes upon the integrity of her characters. And no one will begrudge the happy ending to the heroine, who has been "strong so that the weak might turn to her and live by her victories" and comes only on the last page into her own share of bounty.

THE DEEP SEAM. By JACK BETHEA. Houghton Mifflin. 1926. $2.

Mr. Bethea's second novel, in its general plan and content, bears a strong resemblance to his first, "Bed Rock," which appeared slightly more than a year ago. Both are excellent stories, of their kind, with little to choose between them on points of interest and appeal. The hero of the present tale is superintendent of the Continental Corporation's West Virginia coal mine. Here he rules with the ruthless efficiency of a petty but omnipotent tyrant. A mine disaster, causing the death of a hundred men, for which he is indirectly responsible, breaks his spirit to the extent of rendering him profoundly conscious of his past errors and shortcomings. He retreats to a mining district of Alabama and there, unknown, slowly works out his self-justification. His solitary love affair has the merit of an unusual source and a consistently reasonable development. The action, as befits background and characters, is grim and primitive, but handled with a sure grasp of its dramatic values.

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Government

PRINCIPLES AND PROBLEMS OF GOVERNMENT. By *Charles Grove Haines*. Harpers. $3.25.

CONGRESSIONAL GOVERNMENT. By *Woodrow Wilson*. A new edition with an introduction by *Ray Stannard Baker*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.25.

History

VERSAILLES: Its Life and History. By CECILIA HILL. Little, Brown. 1925. $2.50.

This biography of the Château de Versailles combines historical accuracy with colorful imagination. It has the succinctness of a guide book, yet it retains the charm of a romantic tale.

If those of us who have "done" Versailles in the usual cursory fashion have any illusions about our actual knowledge of that citadel of French tradition, it takes but a few pages of Cecilia Hill's new book to convince us of our ignorance. She succeeds in conveying to the reader not merely a new familiarity with the external features of the great palace of Louis XIV, but also with a realization of the subtle, living atmosphere which surrounds it. Under the power of her vivid description, those cold, austere rooms gradually lose their museum-like character and become peopled with kings and their mistresses, with courtiers and soldiers.

We pity the poor queen who shivers on a bleak winter morning while her garments are passed solemnly along the line of those who assist at her levee. We laugh at her, we pity her, and suddenly we discover that the room through which the author is conducting us has become real, and that it is fascinating us by its distinctive personality.

As a background for those who visit Versailles this book is unexcelled, yet its usefulness is hardly confined to that sphere. No one can witness this succession of vivid pictures of life as it was at Versailles without gaining a new comprehension of French history and a keener understanding of the French as a nation.

EUROPE FROM WATERLOO TO SARAJEVO. By *Percy Ashley*. Knopf. $3.

Miscellaneous

WITCHCRAFT AND THE BLACK ART. By J. W. WICKWAR. McBride. 1926. $2.50.

This is a popular study of the psychology and folklore of witches. Mr. Wickwar deals with black magic, spells, the evil eye, diabolic possession, were-wolves and vampires, demons and mascots, and so on. His study of witchcraft leads him from the Middle Ages to America at the end of the seventeenth century. The author has brought together a great deal of curious material and covers much ground in his disquisition. To anyone at all familiar with the subject much of the material will be familiar, but this volume is a good condensed handbook of the main features of witchcraft through the centuries, its origin and aims, and an outline of the chief developments of its hysteria. Most of the superstitions that have clustered about the practice of witchcraft are reviewed and a number of interesting witch-trials cited.

With reference to the author's style, it seems peculiar that he occasionally falls into the flagrant grammatical error of using "lay" for "lie." We hope that, in the event of a new edition of the book this inexcusable usage may be altered.

A WOMAN AND HER MONEY. By ELIZABETH FRAZER. Doran. 1926. $1.50.

A billion dollars a year is sunk by our people into fraudulent securities and untold millions in addition are lost through the purchase of issues legitimate enough but not appropriate investments for persons unable to take risks. To the wiles of the unscrupulous salesman women are even more credulous than men. Shelves full of books are available at any library on the statistics of finance but it remained for Elizabeth Frazer, through her *Saturday Evening Post* articles now put into book form, to impress upon women through citation of actual cases how easily their innocence in investment matters may be their undoing.

No widow left in funds would hesitate to employ the best medical talent available to care for her physical ailments, a trained lawyer to advise her on legal matters, an architect to plan her new house, or to consult a minister on problems spiritual, but rare is the woman that feels she must have expert advice on matters financial. Court records are filled with thousands of instances where trusting women have been separated from their money by gentle mannered, suave salesmen who have "their own money invested in the proposition" and who promise handsome profits overnight.

Not every woman who reads this book will learn from it all that she should know about investments but all who read are likely to gain respect for the difficult art of investment and to understand how much more satisfying is the joy of building an estate that will stand than of gambling either in good or bad securities.

ORNAMENTAL TREES. By *W. J. Bean*. Scribners. $1.75.

HERBACEOUS BORDERS. By *R. V. G. Wooley*. Scribners. $1.75.

COPY. By *George P. Metzger*. Doubleday, Page. $2 net.

ENGLISH SONG BOOK. Collected and edited by *Harold Scott*. McBride. $3.50 net.

THE ROMANCE OF NAVIGATION. By *Capt. W. B. Whall*. McBride. $5 net.

INTERPRETIVE COSTUME DESIGN. American Costume. The Age of Chivalry. Egypt, Greece and Rome. The Orient. By *Rose Netzorg Kerr*. New York: Fairbairn Art Co.

WAYS OF AUCTION BRIDGE. By *Henry I. Raymond*. Bobbs-Merrill.

DOG ENCYCLOPEDIA. By *William Lewis Judy*. Chicago: Judy Publishing Co.

INDIGESTION. By *Arthur L. Holland*. Appleton. $1.25.

Philosophy

HUMAN VIBRATION. The Mechanics of Life and Mind. By CONRAD RICHTER. Harrisburg: Handy Book Corporation. 1925.

This is another of the books of amateur philosophy which seem to be sprouting everywhere in American soil today. It is much better than most of its kind. As the title indicates, the author's viewpoint is materialistic; undeterred by metaphysical difficulties, he embarks upon the old and fascinating quest to discover the secret of life and mind in physical energy, and he comes to less hopeless shipwreck than the majority of those who have preceded him. Although he hardly succeeds, as he supposes, in accounting for or even defining consciousness, he does succeed in illuminating many phases of its ebb and flow in the light of his hypothesis of cell vibration.

HOW TO UNDERSTAND PHILOSOPHY. By *A. E. Baker*. Doran. $1.25 net.

MATTER, MAN, AND MIND. By *W. F. F. Shearcroft*. Macmillan.

EVOLUTION AND OPTIMISM. By *Ludwig Stein*. Seltzer. $3.

WILD RAIN. By BETTY YATES. Four Seas. 1925. $1.50.

In her first book of poems Miss Yates shows an honesty of emotion and a directness of expression which make her work worthy of attention. Her poems are fresh and unhackneyed and though often they portray violence of emotion, they are direct, sometimes to the point of brutality.

[illegible] youthful poems, filled with [illegible] the world as it unfolds [illegible]. As is inevitable, the [illegible] sometimes hackneyed (youth [illegible] the world for itself), but [illegible] she is repeating sentiments [illegible] too familiar to us, her intensity of [illegible] is sufficient to carry us with her.

Technically the poems are weak. Miss Yates does not always succeed in confining her emotions within the limits of rhythm; often her attempts at rhyme are trite. But she does have something to say, and she says it at any cost to poetic structure. Her future work will bear watching.

THE OXFORD BOOK OF SCANDINAVIAN VERSE; XVIITH CENTURY-XXTH CENTURY. Chosen by SIR EDMUND GOSSE and W. A. CRAIGIE. Oxford University Press. 1925. $3.75.

"The Oxford Book of Scandinavian Verse," the latest of the half dozen volumes of the series devoted to modern poetry in languages other than English, will be welcomed in academic circles, both by reason of the discrimination the editors have shown in their selection of the poems included and, perhaps especially, for the scholarly value of their introductions. The dearth of criticism in the field of modern Scandinavian literature (there has been no work in English since that of Winkel-Horn in 1895) makes the present compilation all the more timely. The four sections, Danish, Norwegian, Swedish, and Icelandic, are each prefaced by an excellent historical and critical survey embracing the national poetry from the seventeenth to the twentieth century. That of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden are reviewed by Sir Edmund Gosse, Iceland by W. A. Craigie.

Students will find in it a guide to representative poetry of the North, but he who has familiarity with Scandinavian verse will look in vain for the names of many of his favorites. It is easy to quarrel with an anthology, and in the present case the native reader is sure to mourn what he considers important omissions, and if he happens to be a Norwegian he will find his section proportionately much too brief. And there is something to be said for his resentment, for the other national sections are each more than twice as long. Only a dozen Norse writers are included and yet there is no lack of poets in Norway. Not a single poem to represent Garborg, Per Sivle, Caspart, Hamsun, Arnulf Overland, Wildenvey, or Olav Bull, to mention a few of those omitted, and whom most critics would vote to include.

In the case of Denmark there is a good section representing some forty odd poets, old and new. But we should have liked to

(*Continued on next page*)

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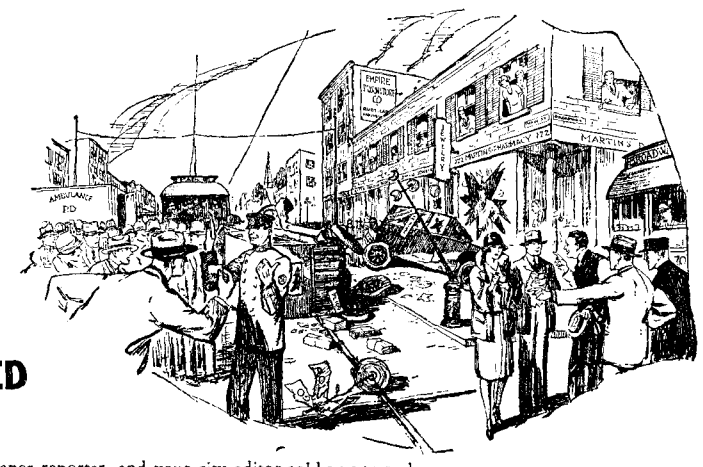

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The New Books

Poetry

(*Continued from preceding page*)

have seen Jeppe Aakjær among them. Sweden seems adequately treated, and in event of criticism, the compiler forestalls it by saying "there must be a choir of other singers in Upsala and in Lund, but my ignorance must plead for me if I omit their names."

Iceland is represented only a little more briefly than Denmark and Sweden, although the specimens of poetry included are in no case later than the close of the nineteenth century. In view of the present literary renaissance in Iceland her younger poets ought perhaps to have been admitted; at least one voice, say that of David Stefansson, should have been heard.

EQUINOX. By *Elizabeth Curtis*. Vinal.

FIDDLER'S FAREWELL. By *Leonora Speyer*. Knopf.

A MAN FROM GENOA. By *Frank Belnap Long, Jr.* Athol, Mass.: W. Paul Cook.

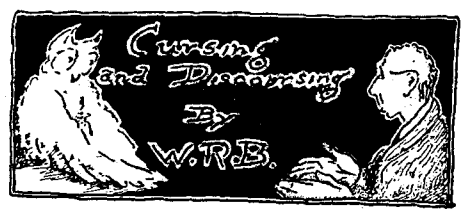
SELECTED POEMS. By *Chaim Nachman Bialik*. New York: The New Palestine.

Science

THE ORIGIN, NATURE AND INFLUENCE OF RELATIVITY. By G. D. BIRKHOFF. Macmillan. 1925.

Here Professor Birkhoff presents in print the contents of the Lowell lectures of 1923, somewhat revised and extended. As the book is written primarily for the non-mathematical reader, the use of analytical symbols is confined to two of the eight chapters. An account of the concepts underlying the relativity theory and their experimental confirmation occupies the first half of the book. Miller's recent work on ether drift is mentioned, but the delicacy of his measurements and the possibility of experimental errors prevents the author from attaching much weight to the results so far obtained. The chapter on relativistic paradoxes explains in lucid fashion many of the apparent inconsistencies of the theory which are so troublesome to the beginner. The most important chapter, however, is that on the structure of matter, in which the author attempts to extend Einstein's theory so as to account for the stability of atomic nuclei, and is led to some very suggestive conclusions.

(*Continued on page 622*)



THE HIATUS

THERE was a decided hiatus. But there *must* not be an hiatus. The sun was coming in under the blind, and I had an idea that it must be very late. My head felt peculiar, and it was the sort of morning on which one appreciated that particular poem of A. E. Housman's,—oh, all about rising and washing and dressing, and ending with the lines, "A thousand times I've done my best, and all, to do again."

It was better to lie still, in chastened sorrow. But there was this hiatus. It worried me.

I remembered perfectly our leaving the Blantons' in two taxicabs, because we were seeing Eileen Stoddard off on the midnight boat. There were Jenny Miles and Arthur Miles and Fortescue Smith and Marion Pike and L. M. Rossheimer and Caroline Pintscher, all getting into our particular taxi. That made six people, and the other taxi had driven off. Arthur took Jenny on his lap and Smith took Marion, and presumably Rossheimer and Miss Pintscher sat on the little seats you pull down, facing the others. So I sat on the outside, up beside the taxi driver, on Fortescue Smith's luggage. He was going on the same boat.

It had been a gay farewell party, with a lot of champagne. And we had stopped at the Brevoort (before we dropped in at the Blantons') to get Fortescue's stuff. And we had dropped in at the Blantons' to reinforce Fortescue for the trip, because the ship he and Eileen were going on—though perfectly properly of course and with quite separate accommodations—was strictly temperance.

I remembered perfectly the ride to Hoboken. That is I remember talking to the taxi-driver about General Pershing and God. He didn't think much of either of them. He had been in the Rainbow Division and had been wounded in two places and badly gassed. He had, however, the highest opinion of the ladies in Paris, though he expressed it in an odd and pungent fashion. I remember wringing his hand as we parted, while the tears stood in my eyes. I felt that I had lost a real buddy. He took five dollars away from me.

I then found that Fortescue Smith and L. M. Rossheimer and I were trailing the rest of the party. L. M. Rossheimer and I helped Fortescue Smith with his bags. Fortescue Smith got out his passport. We passed certain officials and walked a long dock and went up a gangplank. And there, suddenly, I saw Oppy Nevers. "Hel-*lo*, Oppy," I said, and slammed him genially on the shoulder. "Come *on! Oppy!*" I said. But Oppy said, no, he was seeing his sister-in-law off and couldn't come with us. So then we were in Fortescue Smith's stateroom, and Fortescue was offering me a bottle. I was a bottle-fed baby.

So then we were up on deck near the gangplank again, and there was Oppy Nevers again, and his sister-in-law. She was a beautiful young lonely girl who brought the tears into my eyes. So I said to her, "You are a beautiful young lonely girl who brings the tears into my eyes. I am awfully sorry you are going away. Please don't mention it." So then Fortescue Smith got me a drink because I was thirsty. And then Oppy Nevers said, "They're putting us off!" So we went down the gangplank. Only Fortescue Smith followed us and got us both another drink because we were thirsty.

⁂ ⁂

So then, as we were walking down the dock I said to Oppy, "Do you realize that I never said good-bye to Eileen, and do you know what Eileen has meant to me? It is terrible that I never said good-bye to Eileen because if you knew what Eileen had meant to me you could understand how terrible it is that I never said good-bye to Eileen." "Well, what *did* she mean to you?" asked Oppy. And I remember saying, "A star," I said. I said "A star!" Just that. And it affected me to tears. So I sat down on the curb in Hoboken, because I was very tired and it didn't seem any use going on. "I'm tired," I said, "and it doesn't seem any use going on, and if you knew how much a star had meant to me——." "Oh, come *on!*" said Oppy.

So on the ferry-boat Oppy was singing Princeton songs. There was, at least, *something* Princetonian about those songs. And we walked off the ferry-boat right upstairs into the Welshes' apartment. "Cheerio," I said. "Hello," I said, "Benny! Hello! Oppy and I have just had a fight with two wild-cats that were as big as the Metropolitan Tower. What do you know about the Great War! It's over!"

There were bells ringing all around me, because the Armistice had been declared.

⁂ ⁂

But I was very careful. I said, "Listen, men, the Armistice, you think, has been declared, but I tell you that it is the *false* Armistice!" And they said, "Well where is the real Armistice, then?" So I said to them, "Follow me!" So I got down on my hands and knees to drag the real Armistice out from under the couch, but when I crawled out from under the couch on the other side, there was the Creighton's apartment with a lot of people having a party. And I was talking to Lanny Creighton. And I remember saying to Lanny Creighton, "The fact is Thomas Hardy is W. B. Yeats's brother-in-law, and that surely accounts for that passage in 'Jude the Obscure'——" But then I couldn't remember the passage, just at the moment. So Lanny got me a drink because I was thirsty, and then I passed on to a group of people who were talking to Alice Van Haughton, the actress. "The great thing about you, Miss Van Haughton," said, "is your perfectly beautiful eyes, for when you are on the stage I can't see anything except your eyes, which rather obscures the play, nevertheless you are awfully good in Ibsen." And a few minutes afterward I realized that she had never acted in Ibsen, but that I had seen her in "The Purple Duck." So then that rather depressed me and I decided to go to sleep.

⁂ ⁂

I remember distinctly going to sleep, and when I woke up there was a little dog in the room that I had to say good-bye to. The others, there were now only two, I remember, said it was late and that I really had to go home, but I said I had to say good-bye to the little dog. So I crawled under a chair to say good-bye to the little dog, but he had gone out. So I said to them, "This depresses me, that that little dog has gone out, just when I wanted to say good-bye to him, for if you could only understand it, that little dog means a great deal to me and he was a valuable little dog; in fact I think he was an Airedale."

So then I was downstairs and hailed a taxi. Only the taxi-driver said no, I could not ride outside. But I said, "I did this before, I rode outside,—it was on the way to Hoboken." "Well," he said, "*this* ain't Hoboken." So then I had to walk home.

And then I got thinking of Eileen again and of how I hadn't said good-bye to her, and it was enough to break a strong man down. "It is enough," I said, leaning up against a stranger's shoulder, "to break a strong man down, how I never said good-bye to Eileen, after I went all the way to Hoboken——." But it wasn't a stranger, it was Oppy Nevers.

"I'm taking you home," said Oppy. I remember his saying that, and I remember my saying, "You are not either taking me home. I am taking myself home, and I am taking *you* home, and I will lead you all home to Heaven's door, you and all the flora and fauna of all the world, all the beautiful pine trees and all the little Airedales and all the beautiful Eileens I never said good-bye to." I remember how strong I felt then, with all those moons around me and the stars under my feet. So then we were in my apartment, and Oppy said, "Don't lie down on the floor,—go to bed!" "The floor *is* my bed," I said with not a little dignity, "for what more does a man need in this world but a big generous heart and a clear mind and a good hard floor?" So then Buffalo Bill and Cleopatra came into the room, and Oppy sat down and began talking to them, and Cleopatra said, "You certainly were a great guy, Buffalo Bill!" And then they laughed at that, they laughed like fools at that as though it was something really funny. They went on laughing about that as if it was really funny. So I went to sleep. . . .

There had been this hiatus. But now there was no hiatus any more. For now I realized that I could recall it all perfectly. Yes, every step of the way I had recalled it all. And that is a satisfaction. That is really quite a comfort, to have recalled it all, in the morning, when the sun is coming in under the blind and you have an idea that it must be *very* late and your head feels peculiar and it is the sort of morning when you wish you had ever really been able to say good-bye to Eileen and to that little dog. . . .

W. R. B.

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Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

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A BALANCED RATION

RELATIONS. By *Sir Harry Johnston* (Harpers).

VERSAILLES: ITS LIFE AND HISTORY. By *Cecilia Hill* (Little, Brown).

THE MIND OF THE PRESIDENT. By *C. Bascom Slemp* (Doubleday, Page).

G. R. C., Hopkinsville, Ky., noticing that Christopher Morley has been reading a "paper-bound copy" of Franz Werfel's "Goat Song," asks where she may get one, and if there are pamphlet editions of new or modern plays in inexpensive editions.

"GOAT SONG" is published by Doubleday, Page in two editions: one in paper covers, without illustrations, was brought out on the day of the play's production; it costs a dollar. The library edition at two dollars has the costume plates of the Theatre Guild production and is bound in cloth. Even provided with two editions, dramatic critics seem to have had trouble with the transparent symbolism of the play. Readers in like case will do well to remember that there has lately been a revolution in Russia and, somewhat earlier, one in France: also the "goat song" tragedy originally celebrated the conflict of Dionysos and Apollo, a myth upon which may be based a philosophy of history or for that matter, of art.

Appleton publishes a series of new plays in paper covers at fifty cents, worth leaving a standing order for as they appear. "Suburbia," by Ray Parrish, one of the latest, is a presentation of life involving a Swedish maid, a radio, a salesman for a vacuum-cleaner, and other bright spots in suburban life. Samuel French, the theatrical publisher, 25 W. 45th Street, not only issues modern plays in paper covers, including some of the British Drama League publications, but has plenty of old plays, including translations, in cheap editions. Walter H. Baker & Co., Boston, also publishes plays in paper, and I may as well take this space to tell *M. B., Waterbury, Conn.*, that Edgar S. Werner, 11 East 14th Street, publishes monologues and other elocutionary material. Also *G. H. S., Brooklyn,* asks for a short play to be given at Easter-time; my opinions on the suitability of plays for amateur production are much less valuable than the readers of this column continue to think, in spite of all I can do to divert their questions to better authority—for instance, The Drama Book Shop of this city. But L. E. Joseph in the *New York Herald-Tribune* so strongly recommends "The Boy Who Discovered Easter" (French) that I pass along the information that it has a small cast, modern costumes, interior setting, and was dramatized by Elizabeth McFadden from a story by Raymond MacDonald Alden. It was first given by the Episcopal Actors Guild at the theatre of the Little Church Around the Corner.

A. F., Goshen, N. Y., asks for a series of graded readers for a beginner in the Spanish language.

THIS question I referred to the newspaper *La Prensa,* 245 Canal Street, N. Y., for it has been publishing Spanish cross word puzzles adapted to the uses of the beginner in this tongue. I saw two lovely Spanish ladies working out one of them in the subway this week; their eyes were mystic and unfathomable and when they cast them up to the ceiling and meditated upon the Castilian equivalent of emu they looked like something Murillo never had a chance to paint. Also *La Prensa* is offering a series of money prizes for excellence in Spanish, under the auspices of the American Association of Teachers of Spanish. The editor replies that "Primer Libro de Lectura," by Gertrude M. Walsh (D. C. Heath), is a good book for a beginner, and recommends also these books published by Ginn: "A Spanish Commercial Reader," E. S. Harrison; "Practical Spanish Grammar," Alfred Coester; "Spanish and English Conversation," Pinney; "Gramatica Practica de la Lengua Castellana," by Smith; "Elementary Spanish Reader," by Harrison; also a series of very interesting books published by D. C. Heath, called the Modern Language Series.

There is a graded series of primer, readers, and grammar by Lawrence A. Wilkins published by Holt, and Macmillan publishes a "Spanish Series" beginning with a "First Book" and including standard novels such as "Maria" and "Amalia." This is edited by F. B. Luquiens.

L. W. R., Philadelphia, Pa., asks for a list of biographical novels, on the order of Gertrude Atherton's "Conqueror."

THERE has been an outburst of these in the last few months. It was but a step from "Queen Victoria" and "Ariel" to the fictional form. "Peter the Czar" (Putnam) is by Klabund, the playwright whose "Kreidekreis" was lately given in this city; the style is peremptory and the action condensed. Franz Werfel, author of "Goat Song," has a novel, "Verdi," published in 1924 and running through fifty editions in a year; I have not read it. Charles Wharton Stork has just translated a group of short stories by Verner von Heidenstamm, "The Swedes and Their Chieftains" (American Scandinavian Foundation), that qualify as biographical fiction, introducing Gustaf Vasa, Gustavus Adolphus, Gustav III, and Charles VIII. The "Torchlight Series" of Leonie Aminoff (Dutton) continues to unfold its mighty length of romances based on the life of Napoleon: it has now reached the sixth coil, having thrown off successive volumes on "Revolution," "Love," "Ambition," "Success," "Victory," "Triumph," and it will take as many more to exhaust the possibilities. E. Barrington keeps up with the demand: after "Chaste Diana," "The Divine Lady," "Glorious Apollo" (all published by Dodd, Mead) another is impending, concerned with the love-affairs of Perdita and the Prince. "Princess Amelia" is by Carola Oman (Duffield), and is trustworthy as a picture of the period; another publication of this house, "The Chronicles of a Great Prince," by Marguerite Bryant and George McAnnally, is said to be based on the life of a real royalty; anyway, it's an exciting novel and one I found excellent entertainment. "The Hidden Years," a recent novel by John Oxenham (Longmans), gives a reverent treatment to the early life of Jesus as related by a child comrade of Nazareth.

For earlier novels of this type, Baker's "Guide to Historical Fiction" is the best source of information. I should be glad to know of recent ones that I have not come upon in my own reading.

AT least a dozen inquiries have come in for plays to be acted in connection with club programs, or for school use with older pupils. I have quoted the plays in "A Treasury of Plays for Women" (Little, Brown) and the obvious successes so often used on such occasions, but here are two lately published by Samuel French in 30-cent paper covers, that bear the reading test so well that I hope someone will try them on the stage and report. "Love and Freindship," in five acts, is dramatized by May Wood Wigginton from the novel of Jane Austen with that misspelled title, whose posthumous publication (Stokes) was one of the laughing successes of a recent season. In play-form it is quite as amusing as in the original letters, from the surprising entrance of Laura's young man to her final advice: "Beware of swoons, dear Laura. A frenzy fit is not one quarter so pernicious. It is an exercise to the body and if not too violent is, I dare say, conducive to health. Run mad as often as you choose, but do not faint." And how delicately they faint, singly and alternately! The other is "Harlequinade in Green and Orange," a one-act sketch by Glenn Hughes, whose feature is that it permits six brilliantly costumed characters to introduce specialties that they may vary at their pleasure, linking the whole with amusing dialogue. This will interest amateur cabaret program makers.

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Mathilde Weil

FRANK SWINNERTON, the best natured of English novelists, is the author of some of the most tragic of modern stories, of which "Nocturne" is still the most famous. He is a professional in letters if there ever was one, and what he writes of reviewing in this issue of THE SATURDAY REVIEW he knows . . . When Albert Jay Nock edited *The Freeman* he chose his reviews with such care that his very radical magazine was most read by conservatives of refined taste . . . There are few lyrists writing in English more skillful than Sara Teasdale . . . Edward Davison is an admirable poet too, but this week he writes criticism not for the first time since he has been an associate on *The London Mercury* and *The New Statesman* . . .

Most of the clerks in the subscription department know how good natured Mr. Swinnerton is. They have chased him all over Europe and when his copies of THE SATURDAY REVIEW failed to arrive he always thought it was because we hadn't received his renewal check! One renewal a year is enough, particularly from Frank Swinnerton.

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English Criticism

(*Continued from page 606*)

log-rolling. The Unsuccessful School is made up of men who are upon the fringe of literary productiveness but who have no settled place in the literary world. Such men do a great deal of reviewing. Their efforts are more likely to be individual than concerted. They will give help to other unsuccessful writers; but the moment non-success becomes success their bitterness is roused. It is then incessant. These are the men who are most sensitive to personal slights. They are indefatigable in repaying such slights. They have ingenuity and resource; and they may at all times so lose control of their pens as to allow splendid reviews to escape. Criticism from the Unsuccessful School is dingy and wayward. To those who live in London it is recognizable; and it can be discounted by them. To all who are unversed in reviewing, owing to the fact that so much reviewing is anonymous, it is incalculable and inexplicable. That is because it has little reference to the quality of the books noticed, but much to the personality of the writers of the books. So much for the anonymous review of the Unsuccessful School.

There is the Brilliant School. This is not—it could not be—a clique. It has few of the faults of a clique; but the reviews produced by the highly individual members of the school are written less to establish truth than to illustrate the brilliance of the writer. There is much that is very tempting to the egotist in such displays of wit. There is a great deal that is very enjoyable to the reader who likes verbal fireworks. There is at times, when the method is completely successful, a diabolical exposé of the victim's weakness. Nobody, in fact, can successfully write reviews of the brilliant kind without possessing an exceptionally adroit and flexible mind and pen. Accordingly, most of the members of the Brilliant School are unsuccessful. They strain after ingenuity, allusiveness, the scathing word; and they remain, to all appearance, undergraduates. I do not know whether it is the same in America; but in England, after spending some time in the society of undergraduates, I have come to the conclusion that their conversation is self-conscious rather than brilliant, and seldom so witty as to justify the triumphantly witty air of the speakers. This sense of strain (due to the evaporation of that confidence which the applause of similar wits supplies) drags the writer into pretentiousness. But this pretentiousness, even if it is insulting, has nothing of superciliousness in it. An undergraduate is only a boy, and boys are often bumptious from animal spirits. The postgraduate undergraduate means no harm. He is over-familiar, and apparently self-complacent, not from vice, but from incurable hobbledehoyishness. Forgive him. He is far from being as sure of himself as he seems.

And then we have what may be called the Serious School (I shall be accused, no doubt, of maliciously hinting "the Dull School," but this is not my intention). The members of this school make no effort after brilliance; but they take themselves seriously as critics and as moral and intellectual forces. I believe the members of this school to be honest, although they praise each other unstintedly; but they have a jealous eye upon those who are commercially more successful than themselves. To the approbation of the Serious School the first passport is poverty to the creative imagination. No novelist could ever have the full approval of the Serious School, because it is a commonplace with this school that novelists are specious and venal persons. But the essential visa to the passport is membership of the Serious School itself. The Serious School, among its various members, provides a fair proportion of the reviews which are published in the London press. One may distinguish its work, signed and unsigned, by its lack of brilliance and by its distribution of praise and blame. The Serious School may at times be brusque; it is never supercilious. It has a very hard row to hoe. Its policy is conservative, its bigotry is sometimes almost narrow-minded, its is unloved. For an enormous amount of hard and serious labor in the cause of approved modern authors it has derived less power and less credit (with more obloquy) than any other school or party.

The fourth school is a school of secondary brilliance. If it is never as pretentious as the school of Undergraduate Brilliance, it is still a very smart school, bent upon having all the latest fashions from Paris. This is the Bloomsbury School. I think it would be impossible for anybody to say, as some might say of the Serious School, that the Bloomsbury School was dull. It is not dull, except in its works of fiction. It is costive, but it is not dull. All its members live upon borrowed ideas, of which they have not many; and none of them has very much to say. But having little to say each member of the Bloomsbury School has devoted much time and study to the way in which things should be said. Nowhere is the study of "prose" so assiduously pursued. The members of the Bloomsbury School are the ones who discovered good form in art. They have now persuaded themselves that nothing else matters. They have no delight in creative effort, which they do not understand. It seems to them something uncouth. They are so refined that the coarser world has no appeal to them. For the Bloomsbury School—with one eye fixed upon Paris—all is vulgar and provincial that lives outside Paris and Bloomsbury.

The Bloomsbury School suffers from intellectual inbreeding. It lives so definitely in a world of æsthetic notions, and is so entirely sterile and non-creative, that it falls back upon criticism as the only kind of mental activity which can fittingly be exercised by persons of intellectual refinement. But in Bloomsbury refinement and a delicate flutter of mutual admiration are found not incompatible. Nourished by the tabloids of good form which are its staple diet, gowned in the latest Paris fashion, Bloomsbury can take but a languid interest in what happens outside its two worlds. When these other activities do not exist for Bloomsbury, how is it possible that Bloomsbury could feel supercilious? It cannot feel supercilious. It cannot even feel interested.

I have now come to the end of the schools of reviewing with which I purpose dealing in this article. If my account has left the reader with the impression that there is very little good reviewing done in England, that will be, perhaps, a fair inference. But I hope I have made it clear that supercilious reviewing of American books is not and cannot be a general rule. Incapacity is common (in what country is it otherwise?), educational and social snobbishness is to be met with, wire-pulling is to be seen everywhere. Until all reviews are signed, and until the payment for reviews makes reviewing something other than the prey of the amateur and the hack, I see no chance that there will be any substantially satisfactory criticism in England. Nevertheless I should like to make one point very clear indeed. This is, that although cliques praise each other and sympathies tend to be narrow, there is extremely little conscious bad faith among English reviewers. They very rarely say anything which is of value to the author of the book they are criticizing, or to the public which seeks guidance in literary taste; but this is from incompetence, and not from any wilful perversion of fact or opinion. The real criticism of England is that which passes from lip to lip. In print, there may be much "gesture." It is the custom to praise certain writers, to belittle certain other writers. But just as the thing that sells books is talk (as we are often told) so talk is the thing that creates and maintains reputations. I do not suggest that this is as it should be; but in an age when books are published by the thousand there must be some means of detecting which of the writers of them are deserving of continued renown. The reviewers are submerged in their tasks and their commitments, and cannot see clear; the gossipers are all rushing to the latest fashion; what remains? The alternative, it seems to me, is the raising of criticism to the rank of art; the sweeping of all over-professional reviewers into Limbo; the encouragement of taste. But as these things are obviously impossible we are condemned to go on as we now are. It is a sad enough state; but are things so very much better elsewhere? Are they better in France? From my experience of French criticism I doubt it. In Germany? It seems not. In America? My readers will know better than I what is the condition of American literary criticism. Superciliousness, certainly, is not among the vices of American criticism; but it may be that some of the English defects which I have mentioned will be recognized as inseparable from a kind of writing which is so near the commercial side of an art. At any rate, I hope that what I have said will show some of those who have complained of the attitude of "English critics" that they have been doing injustice not only to a nation but also to a class within that nation which is torn by all sorts of perplexities and emotions, among which contempt for American letters does not find a place.

The World of Rare Books

By Frederick M. Hopkins

Sale of Adam Library

In a foreword to the catalogue of selections from the library of R. B. Adam of Buffalo, which were sold at the Anderson Galleries February 15 and 16, the owner said:

"Dreaming, smoking, thinking one evening in my library, I decided the time had come to separate my special, and some of my miscellaneous books, from that great period of literature, the eighteenth century, in which my chief interest endures, and give what I can spare of what remains to me of my days and nights to the study of the Johnsonian era. In a sense this is not a great collection; but many of the items cannot be surpassed for perfection, and quite a few are absolutely unique."

Collectors will be glad to know that Mr. Adam will concentrate upon his Johnsonian collection, already the finest of its kind in the world. If the selections sold in this sale did not constitute a great collection, they made, inside of its limitations, one of great distinction, for the 433 lots brought $122,188, or $282.17 per item, which is a very high average.

The highest price, $11,500, was paid by Dr. Rosenbach for Milton's "Comus," small 4to, levant morocco by Bedford, London, 1637, a very fine copy of the excessively rare first edition. The next highest price, $10,000, was paid by Byrne Hackett of the Brick Row Book Shop, for Milton's "Paradise Lost," small 4to, original sheep, in protecting covers made from a rafter in a room in Milton's house at Westminster, fastened with brass clasps, a remarkably fine copy of the rare first edition, with the first title-page, some of the edges untrimmed, with the genuine blank end leaves. This is the famous Britwell Library copy.

Other excessively rare and valuable lots and the prices realized were the following:

Burns. James Beattie's "Poems on Several Occasions," small 8vo, contemporary calf, Edinburgh, 1776. Once owned by Robert Burns, with an inscription by the poet. $2,800.

Dickens (Charles). "Pickwick Papers," in the original 20 parts in 19, 8vo, London, 1837. Contains all of the addresses, notices, inserts, and advertisements which have come of late years to be regarded as evidences of "correctness." $4,000.

Fitzgerald (Edward). Autograph manuscript of a verse of four lines, written on 1 p., 4to, inlaid, a verse selected for the metre of his translation of "The Rubaiyat." Beneath this is written: "I came across this verse when I was looking round for a suitable metre for the translation but omitted to note the author's name," etc. $750.

Franklin. Cicero's "Cato Major," 8vo, levant morocco by Bedford, Philadelphia, 1744. Fine large copy of the finest example of Franklin's presswork. $500.

Garrick (David). Autograph manuscript, 2 pp., folio, undated and unsigned. Giving full description how Goldsmith came to write "Retaliation." $1,900.

Goldsmith (Oliver). "The Vicar of Wakefield," 2 vols., 12 mo., mottled calf by Riviere, Salisbury, 1766. First issue of the first edition. $650.

Goldsmith, "The Vicar of Wakefield," 2 vols., 12mo, original sprinkled calf, in case, Salisbury, 1766. First issue of the first edition. $1,600.

Herbert (George). "The Temple," small 8vo, levant morocco by Bedford, Cambridge, 1633. First issue of the first edition. $1,025.

Homer. "Opera omnia," 2 vols. in one, folio, morocco by Clarke and Bedford, Florence, 1488. Rare *editio princeps*. With the Lord Vernon bookplate. $4,200.

Johnson (Samuel). "Dictionary of the English Language," 2 vols., royal folio, contemporary calf, London, 1755. First issue of the first edition. $320.

Keats (John). "Endymion," 8vo, original boards, in case, London, 1818. First edition in its original state. $1,010.

Kelmscott Press. Goeffrey Chaucer's "Works," folio, white pigskin embossed and lettered, gilt edges on the rough, brass clasps, by the Doves Bindery, Hammersmith, 1896. $1,350.

Kempis (Thomas à). "Of the Imitation of Christ," small 12mo, original vellum, London, 1589. From the library of Queen Elizabeth, with her arms stamped on the side. $950.

Lamb (Charles). "Tales from Shakespeare," containing "King Lear and the Merchant of Venice," with 6 colored plates, 18 mo, wrappers, London, n.d. Only perfect copy known. $675.

Lamb, A. L. S. 1 p. 4to postmarked December 22, 1834. Lamb's last known letter written five days before his death. $675.

Lamb. Walton's "Compleat Angler," 12mo, levant morocco, London, 1772. The eighth edition. A delightful association copy, being a presentation copy from Charles Lamb to Charles May with inscription. $825.

Lovelace (Richard). "Lucasta," 2 vols., small 8vo, London, 1649-59. First editions. $1,400.

Milton (John). "Poems," small 8vo,

(*Continued on next page*)

The New Books

(*Continued from page 620*)

Travel

TWO VAGABONDS IN A FRENCH VILLAGE. By Jan and Cora Gordon. McBride. 1925. $5.

Although most travellers are not vagabonds, they all like to read about them. "Vagabond," "vagabonding"—there seems to be a magic in the word which, when slipped into the title of a book, attracts an army of readers. Jan and Cora Gordon, having vagabonded through Spain and Jugoslavia, have now put the fruits of a similar experience in France into a third book. "Two Vagabonds in a French Village" records their adventures at Janac, a little, lost town tucked away in a forgotten corner of upper Languedoc, adventures of a quiet, sedentary sort because they came here to rest instead of to travel. Both being artists, they were attracted to the splendid variety of the scene, and the weeks lengthened out into four full months before they left.

There is considerable literary charm to these pages and the illustrations, which are likewise the work of the authors, are alone worth the price of the volume, yet the book has a further value. It shows the prospective traveller that the end of all travel is not movement and that one does not have to cover the length and breadth of France to get some idea of the country and the people. "Two Vagabonds in a French Village" teaches a much-needed lesson in this respect. It places penetrating powers of observation above a facility to understand French timetables, and a contented, sympathetic, catholic spirit above a restless desire to see the world through a port-hole. Surely these two vagabonds—and you can be a vagabond in one spot as well as many if you but have the combination—never spent four more richly rewarded months than those with the good folk of Janac who prize a fertile acre in Southern France more than a principality in Utopia, or anywhere else.

Scott Fitzgerald

Whose novel, "The Great Gatsby," as dramatized by Owen Davis, is one of the shining successes of the New York Stage. He has given his new book a delightfully apt title—

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calf, London, 1645. Alexander Pope's copy of the rare first edition. $3,700.

Montaigne (Michel de). "Essayes," folio, original calf, London, 1603. First edition of Florio's translation. $1,000.

ANOTHER McCUTCHEON SALE

GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON, the novelist, will sell his collection of first editions of Charles Dickens and William Makepeace Thackeray at the American Art Galleries in April. The McCutcheon collection of modern English authors has been recognized as one of the first importance, containing many rare and superb original editions. Last year, when he began his dispersal with the sale of the Stevenson, Kipling, and Hardy collections, the author pointed out that he intended to confine his interest to fewer authors. When the Dickens and Thackeray first editions are placed on exhibition they are bound to awaken great enthusiasm among collectors. Here is one of the finest sets of the original "Pickwick Papers," in existence. Another Dickens rarity is "The Strange Gentleman," of 1837. In the original parts, and almost unobtainable in this state, is Dickens's "Library of Fiction," with his autograph presentation inscription. The Thackeray material includes the rare "King Glumpus," with colored plates; "Flore et Zephyr," with nine plates by Thackeray; a copy of the first and only edition of "The Surprising Adventures of Three Men," published probably in 1848. Inserted in this copy is an autograph letter of Anne Thackeray Ritchie, in which she identifies several of the drawings as her father's, and the poem which they illustrate, "The Three Sailors," as being his work. It is said that only two copies of this anonymous work are known to exist.

GWINNETT AUTOGRAPHS

THOMAS F. MADIGAN, in the current number of his *Autograph Bulletin* discourses on the recent sale of Signers autographs in the Manning sale, giving special attention to the Gwinnett signature which brought the record price of $22,500. He says:

"When the allusive signature of Button Gwinnett, Georgia Signer of the Declaration of Independence, was sold for $14,000, at the famous Thomas sale in November, 1924, there were those who declared that the limit for this autograph had been reached, that this record price would stand for many years. But now, a little more than a year later, the record has been completely smashed for another Gwinnett autograph has reached the astonishing price of $22,500. A well known collector informed me a few weeks ago that he wished me to buy the Gwinnett autograph in the Manning sale for him and inquired what bid I would suggest, and I told him I doubted if it would bring over $15,000, but that $20,000 would surely get it. But it developed that my bid of $22,000 obtained for me only the distinction of being the underbidder.

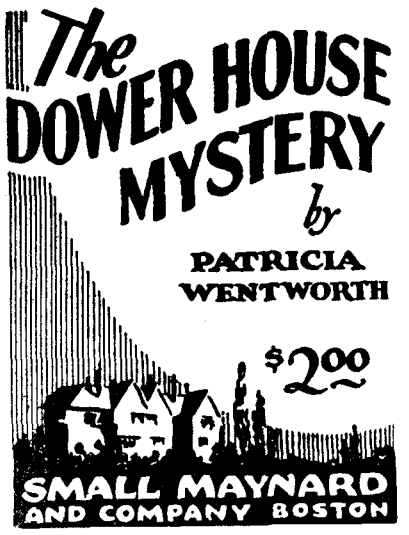
"I wonder will this latest 'record price' discourage new collectors of the Signers. I doubt it. The record price of $14,000, for a Gwinnett certainly did not have that effect. From my observation more new sets of Signers have been begun since the Thomas sale, in November, 1924, than during the five years previous. There appears to be twenty-six complete sets of the Signers (therefore that many Gwinnetts) extant. Several of these sets are in public institutions and therefore will never be available to collectors. There are probably three or four other Gwinnetts, including the Manning, in incomplete sets. Considering this limited supply and the very apparent and growing demand I do not think it at all unlikely that the sale of a Gwinnett autograph at $50,000 will soon be recorded. In fact, I predict this price will be reached in less than five years."

NOTE AND COMMENT

THE list of demands, during the four weeks ending December 26, for the first editions of modern British authors, compiled from the desiderata of second-hand booksellers in England, and published in the January issue of *The Bookman's Journal*, lists sixty authors, the following fifteen of which lead in the order given: Anthony Trollope, John Galsworthy, George Gissing, Sir J. M. Barrie, Charles Dickens, Norman Douglas, Rudyard Kipling, W. H. Hudson, Joseph Conrad, Sir H. Rider Haggard, George Moore, Sir A. Conan Doyle, Thomas Hardy, A. A. Milne, and Walter de la Mare.

In an unpublished letter written by George Washington to Col. Humphreys on October 10th, 1787, which is in the collection owned by Adolph Lewisohn, he has this to say about the Constitution:

"The Constitution that is submitted, is not free from imperfections; but there are as few radical defects in it as could be expected, considering the heterogeneous mass of which the Convention was composed and the diversity of interests which were to be reconciled. A Constitutional door being opened, for future alterations and amendments, I think it would be wise in the People to adopt what is offered them and I wish it may be as great a majority of them as in the body that decided on it; because the importance, and sinister views of too many characters will be affected by the change. Much will depend upon literary abilities, and the recommendation of it by good pens, should it be openly, I mean publicly, attacked in the Gazettes. Go matters, however, as they may, I shall have the consolation to reflect, that no object but the public good, and that peace and harmony which I wished to see prevail in the Convention, ever obtruded even for a moment, in my mind, during the whole session, lengthy as it was."



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